Northern Messenger

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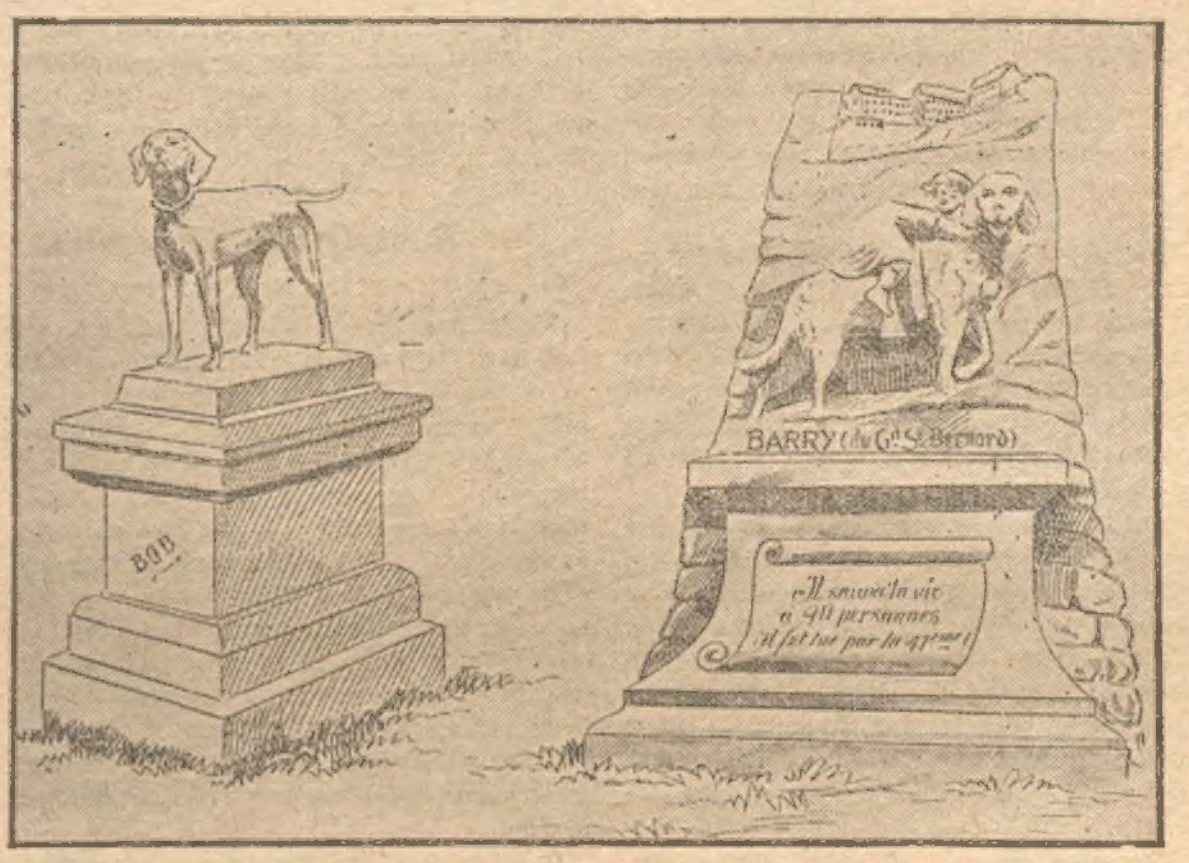
Publishers' Note.

REQUESTS FOR MORE STORY GRANTED.

Many 'Messenger' readers have been urging more story matter in the 'Messenger,' but as that involved encroachment on various important departments it was not thought wise to give more space to stories in a twelve-page paper. It was impossible to increase the size of the paper at the present rate of subscriptions without deriving much more revenue from advertising sources.

We have, however, preferred to add to the space devoted to advertising and, by the increase of resource from that department, are able not only to continue the present price but, for the time being at least, to devote two more pages to stories.

Indeed, it was under contemplation to increase the subscription rate without increasing the size of the paper as the rate has really been too low in view of the increased price of paper.



MONUMENTS IN THE PARIS CEMETERY FOR DOGS. ILE DES RAVAGEURS.

God's Use of a Single Sermon.

(Geo. C. Wilding, D.D., in 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

It occurred a good many years ago, I note, as I look backward. I was at that time a presiding-elder in a large West Virginia district. I was almost constantly on the go, studying the condition of my district and endeavoring to supply its needs.

In the little village of S—— we did not have a church and it seemed to me that it was rather poorly supplied with the gospel. A new railway was being laid through this bit of a town and, although it had enjoyed a long Rip Van Winkle sleep, it manifested symptoms of really waking up. My presiding-elder instinct at once decided it must receive attention.

So, at the ensuing session of our annual conference, a small circuit was formed around this growing little town and a preacher appointed to it, with instructions to move into S—— and live there.

Soon after this new pastor of the S—— circuit was comfortably settled in his new home he began his work in downright earnest. He visited the people, was royally welcomed and soon was fairly well acquainted in the town and its environment.

A few weeks after the settlement of the pastor special revival meetings were begun in the one little shell of a church that the wee town afforded. It was a union meeting, another evangelical pastor uniting with our new pastor in the conduct of the services.

The people of the town and the surrounding region attended the meetings in large numbers, considering the population of the place. Brotherly feeling predominated and all was harmony and sweetness.

From the very beginning of the meeting there seemed to be a deep thoughtfulness among the people. The meetings were impressive, solemn and tender. The preachers faithfully presented the gospel message and, to all appearances, it was well received. But nobody was inclined to make a move toward the kingdom of God. At the close of every fervent sermon the preachers would earnestly plead with the assembled people to give their hearts to God. But nobody could be induced to step out upon the Lord's side.

The meetings went on in this way for some two weeks. Vigorous preaching, deep feeling, a crowded church, but no seekers of salvation. Just at this juncture, on a beautiful Friday afternoon in the fall of the year, I was passing through the town on my way to attend a quarterly meeting on an adjoining circuit.

The two preachers and some of the chief laymen of the town met me at the station to tell me about the peculiar status of the meeting. After a somewhat hurried conversation they unitedly invited me to stop off and preach in the meeting that night.

As I could reach my quarterly meeting in time by taking an early train the next morning, I decided to hearken to the call and remain with them. I walked on up to the home of an old college chum, in the outskirts of the village, where I was to be entertained.

I had a pleasant visit with the family of my host up to the close of the evening meal. And yet, all through that cheerful, social atmosphere, I could distinctly feel the weight of the approaching meeting pressing heavily upon my heart.

I excused myself from the company as we arose to leave the table and, putting on my hat, walked slowly out into the orchard on the hilltop, overlooking the tiny town. When deeply wrought up about anything, how distinctly and sharply we note even the most minor incidents of the occasion. I can so readily recall that evening. It was the close of a full-orbed, glorious Indian-summer day. The sun was just setting behind those picturesque Ohio River hills. The world was all a-tint with golden and crimson splendor.

As I walked back and forth in that quiet orchard and communed with God my soul was illumined with a glory beyond the rare effulgence of that wonderful autumnal evening. A light flooded my heart that never shone on sea or land.

After my season of prayer I began to cast about in my mind as to what gospel theme I should present to that crowded congregation that soon would be assembled in that plain little house of worship.

As I left the home of my friend I had taken out of my well worn saddle-bags a half-dozen sermon sketches, some of which, I felt, would be suited to the service of the evening. As I walked to and fro under those old apple trees, my feet sinking noiselessly into the soft sward, I carefully studied my sermon outlines. And I did not neglect or forget to pray for divine guidance in my choice of a sermon.

I went over them slowly, one by one. I was unsettled in my mind. I went back over them more intently than before. Still I was not clear as to what I should select. A third canvass of my stock left me perfectly at sea. Slowly there crept over me the conviction that none of them was suitable for the occasion. This discovery caused the cold chills to gallop up my back. I had nothing else left. In an hour I must face that congregation. What should I do?

I flung myself upon my knees, at the gnarled roots of an ancient apple tree, and pleaded with God for illumination. I fairly begged for a message. It was dark for a brief moment. Then there came upon me the conviction that I should preach from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. At first I could not remember where it was to be found. I soon recalled that it was in Luke xvi., 19-31.

But still I hesitated, and said to myself: 'It is true that I have a sketch of a sermon on that parable, but I have not preached from it inside of a year. I cannot possibly recall it.'

Almost as quick as a flash there passed before my mental vision, as if it had been a moving panorama, a complete outline of that sermon. And the bones of that skeleton swiftly took on flesh and sinews and muscles and soon became a living, moving thing. It glowed and burned within me. I was eager to preach it. Like an ancient gladiator I panted for the arena. My doubts had vanished. My soul throbbed with victory.

I was too full for conversation as we walked to the little church. The room was crowded to the walls. An impressive solemnity brooded over all. As I rose to preach a distinct consciousness swept all over me that I was in God's hands, to be used by him that night.

I preached in an easy, conversational manner, and God marvellously blessed the Word. It seemed to me as if, that night, I looked into the land of the lost. As I pictured the condition of a condemned soul, cast out from God, I shivered myself as the alarming and awful state of the lost rose before me in all of its terrible reality.

The multitude was as silent as death. The people leaned forward to listen with drawn, white faces, and their eyes spake the fear they felt in their hearts. We knew nothing of time till the sermon was ended. At its close the listening people who had, all unconsciously, been leaning forward in their anxiety to catch every word, leaned back in their seats with an audible sigh of deep solemnity.

The preacher who followed me, a big, good-natured, boisterous fellow, at once began a vehement and noisy exhortation. The people stared at him as if he were guilty of sacrilege. I plucked his coat-tail and whispered to him to dismiss the congregation and let them go quietly home.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced that deeply impressed congregation filed slowly out. Nobody stopped to talk to any one. They were too deeply moved for that. Each one wanted to be alone.

In the morning early I took the train for my quarterly meeting, some fifty miles away. As I passed through S—— on the following Monday, on my return to my home, the two preachers and a great company of laymen met me at the station. They insisted that I stop over and preach for them again that night. And again I yielded to their entreaty.

As soon as I met them at the station I noticed that their faces shone. As we walked up the main street of the little town they told me the story of Saturday and Sunday. And everyone of them was full to the brim of it.

On Friday night that company of people had evidently gone to their homes deeply wrought upon by the Spirit of God. It came out afterward that a number of them had not slept a wink all night long. Early the next morning several were converted and the good work spread rapidly.

There was a German blacksmith in the town by the name of George Z——, an upright citizen and a man of a good deal of influence in the place. On Saturday morning he went to his shop, after a sleepless night. He put on his leather apron, kindled the fire and started to work. But he could not put his mind on his task. He closed his door and crept into a dark corner, where he kneeled before God and wrestled with him in prayer.

Soon he was tremendously converted. Leaping to his feet and rushing out of the shop, without hat or coat, and with his leather apron on, he swept down the main street of the town, praising God at the top of his voice.

His example was infectious. Swiftly the fire spread. People were converted in all parts of the town. Soon they assembled in the church and the good work went on all day and evening. It continued all through the Sabbath and by Monday, on my return, the little village had been almost swept into the kingdom of God.

As an outcome we organized a society and built a neat little church. The other little society took on new life and soon built a neat new temple. After an absence of several years I recently visited the town, now much enlarged, and found both the churches flourishing finely.

Our Post-Office Crusade.

(To the readers of the 'Northern Messenger.')

There has been a cordial response to my last letter regarding the post office crusade. Many thanks. If my list of names gives out and some do not receive prompt replies will they kindly have patience until an answer is received. Two cents in stamps is all that is necessary for a reply. If you enclose more, as some have done, please state if they are to be used on papers. In all cases, they are returned when what is overdue is mailed.

Thanks are due also to the editors of the 'Northern Messenger' who contributed two large parcels of beautiful clean papers, and to the Western W. C. T. U., who secured most acceptable literature for this Mission by post.

In many cases people have sent money, asking that papers be ordered direct for them from the office. As Westmount is really a part of Montreal this is easily attended to. It is to be hoped that these subscriptions will be continued. A missionary, in writing to me, says: 'Thus far I consider the Crusade a great success. Yesterday at the close of the boys' Sunday-school I distributed papers to 67 boys—all reading English, and I wish the donors of the papers could have seen the bright eyes and pleased smiles with which the papers were received. If you can manage it we would very much like two copies of 'The World Wide' for the reading rooms, also all the picture cards you can send. We have 18 schools and have hard times finding enough cards for them.' The address of this lady is:

MRS. McLEOD,
Anakapalle
Visagapatam,
India.

Another missionary writes asking if I can supply some of the native teachers with up-to-date educational journals. Perhaps some school teacher who has read his or her educational journal will kindly consider this matter. I have the addresses. Again, if any one has a paper covered or otherwise new book which they have read and which they would like to pass along for a missionary's lending library, will they please send them to Mrs. CRAIG.

Samulcotta,
India.

Lately I bought one of Ralph Connors's books for ten cents. Frequently we have interesting books which we have read. It cheers the missionaries to get fresh, bright literature. Up-to-date magazines will be acceptable at either of the addresses I have given in this letter. But to the addresses I sent you will please remember to send only UNDENOMINATIONAL Christian papers. The 'Northern Messenger' and 'Sabbath-Reading' always preferred.

In your correspondence, children, could you not be more distinctly Canadian. When the Editor asked for letters from those who saw the Prince in Canada, I expected a perfect avalanche of patriotic epistles. Do you know that Lady Tennyson, wife of the poet laureate said to Lieut.-Col. George T. Dennison, regarding Canada: 'No country ever had such founders, no country in the world. No, not since the days of Abraham.' Now, couldn't we write bits of history in our letters. For instance, here is a touch of mine. I had two great grandfathers with Wolfe at the conquest of Canada for Britain. Both were Highlanders, and one was wounded on the Plains of Abraham. I have had two kinsmen Canadians who have received the D.O.S. for skill in South Africa. Regarding the Prince, I saw him twice, but if the Editor will let me tell you a short story next time, it won't be about him, but about the Princess and a little Canadian girl. It's a 'truly story,' as one wee maiden used to say. I have to thank the publishers of the 'Messenger' for contributing nearly all the numbers of 'Picturesque Canada' and securing for us many beautiful pictures of Canadian scenery. These have been sent to India on their imperial mission of brotherly kindness. Thus by our 'Northern Messenger', we, too, through the post office crusade, are seeking to bind more closely the great Empire of which we are a part. Faithfully yours,

Mrs. M. E. Cole,
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—The subscription price of 'World Wide' is $1.00 a year, post-paid.

The Graves at Gierku.

On seeing a picture in the 'Northern Messenger,' of the graves of the young Canadian Missionary Gowans, and the Rev. Claud Ryder, practically the only witness for Christ in the whole of that land.

Far, far away in remote Hausaland,
Inside the village of Gierku there stand
Two lonely graves, in its shadow somewhere
Gowans and Ryder lie peacefully there.
What do these graves in dark Hausaland tell?
Glorious tidings of heroes who fell
Ere they could gather a bounteous yield
Bearing no sheaves from that white, needy field.
Buoyant, whole-hearted and eager to win
Some sable soul from the thraldom of sin,
One of them dying on entering the land
Buried by heathen and Mussulman hand;
Far from the home and the friends of his love
No one to soothe but the Saviour above;
Sweetly, submissively sinking to rest
Knowing the will of the Father is best;
No altar lit by his heart's fervent fire
Naught but a seemingly fruitless desire.
What do those graves in the Hausa State say
With their rude cross pointing upward to-day?
'Come, for the harvest is wasting around,
Hasten lest blood on your soul should be found.'
Yonder the mission house tenantless, bare;
'Fill up the ranks,' their expiring prayer.
No one to care for the brave Hausas now
Still at the shrine of their idols they bow.
Christians awake: is such sacrifice vain?
Say not 'The loss hath exceeded the gain.'
Send out contingents for Christ who will bring
Africa under the sway of our King.
Forward who will! from their powerless clasp
Seize the stained standard with reverent grasp.
Be it not said that our Canada fair
Has but a grave for a witness there.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

Seaforth.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is January, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Lost Bag of Silver

(By M. B. Thrasher, in 'The Ledger Monthly.')

A man walking along a shaded country road which led down to the Vermont bank of the Connecticut River stopped beside a post from which a rusty tin dinner horn was hanging. He took the horn from its hook and blew it, loud and long, the blast which

HE TOOK THE HORN AND BLEW IT.

he sent out over the water being echoed back from the New Hampshire Hills.

There was a little brown house on the opposite side of the river, shaded by elm trees, and set well up the bank, so as to be above high-water mark when the spring and fall freshets flooded the valley. This was the ferryman's home, and the tin horn was his telephone.

A young man came out of the house, ran down to the water's edge, and stepping into a stout, flat-bottomed river boat began to row across the river. The current was so strong he headed the small boat diagonally up stream to counteract its force. The man who had blown the horn came down to the river's edge, on that side, and waited for him.

The boat had just started on its return trip when the passenger, sitting in the stern of the boat, said, looking across the river: 'There's more business for you.'

The boy who was rowing twisted around on his seat to look. A man and shepherd dog were driving a flock of sheep down the road past the ferryman's house. Another man walked behind them, leading a horse hitched to a Concord waggon.

'My!' said the boy. 'I'm glad I didn't get that job. Sheep are the worst things to bring across. They are always getting scared and jumping overboard. Father has run this ferry for thirty years, and I've heard him say ever so many times that he had rather take over twenty teams than one flock of sheep. The pay don't amount to anything either. Only just a cent a head.'

The big ferry-boat, a flat, shallow scow, lay against the bank beneath the house, just where the road seemed to disappear in the river. The ferryman, coming down from the house, helped to get the sheep on board. One of the men went on board first, shaking a wooden measure of oats. A fat cosset jumped after him, and then, one having gone on board, all the other sheep scurried after their leader. Once on board they huddled close to each other in the front end of the boat, the man watching them on one side and the dog on the other. The other man led the horse on board, still hitched to the waggon. The ferryman fished up from the river bed a stout wire rope, firmly fastened on each bank, and slipping it over some pulleys at the boat's side began to pull his load across the stream.

The two boats would have passed each other in the middle of the river. The boy was keeping the rowboat well up stream, so that it should not come near enough to the large boat to frighten the dumb passengers on the latter.

Suddenly there came the sound of a 'souze' in the water.

'There,' the boy said, 'I told you so!'

One of the sheep had taken fright and jumped overboard. The current of the river bore her down stream, and each minute put her farther from the ferry-boat.

'She won't drown,' the boy said. 'A sheep can swim for quite a while, and besides, their wool helps to keep them afloat at first.

'I suppose I shall have to go out with a small boat and catch her,' he added, 'and tow her ashore.'

'Go, now, if you want to,' said the passenger. 'I'm in no hurry.'

'Shall I row after her, father?' the boy shouted across the water.

'I suppose you might as well,' was the answer.

The rowboat dropped down stream swiftly under the united force of the oars and the current. Just as it swept past the bow of the large boat the horse on board the latter threw up his head with a snort of fear and backed, until the hind wheels of the waggon went over the low side of the shallow boat into the water.

The man who had been holding the horse when they first came on board the boat had left him when the sheep had jumped overboard. Now he sprang to the horse's head, and seizing hold of the bridle kept the animal from going further. The man who had been helping tend the sheep sprang to help this man hold the horse. In the excitement two more sheep jumped overboard. The hind wheels of the waggon, and half the body, were dragging in the water.

'Save my bag!' the man who had been holding the horse cried, as he sprang back to the animal's head. 'My bag under the waggon seat!' he said, adding, 'It has got a hundred dollars in money in it!'

The ferryman let the wire fall into the pulleys and rushed to the waggon. The boy in the rowboat, who had stopped in his chase after the sheep as soon as the trouble on the boat began, rowed up to the stern of the big boat. Both were too late. The bag had been in the bottom of the open waggon. The money had been silver. It was gone now, out of sight beneath the water of the Connecticut River.

It was an hour before the sheep buyer had his flock brought together again. With the help of the boy and the man in the small boat the waggon was got back into the scow, and in time the three swimming sheep were captured and returned to the flock. Before the man started the flock up the road leading from the ferry on the Vermont side of the river, he turned to the boy who had been rowing.

'Can you swim,' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' said the boy.

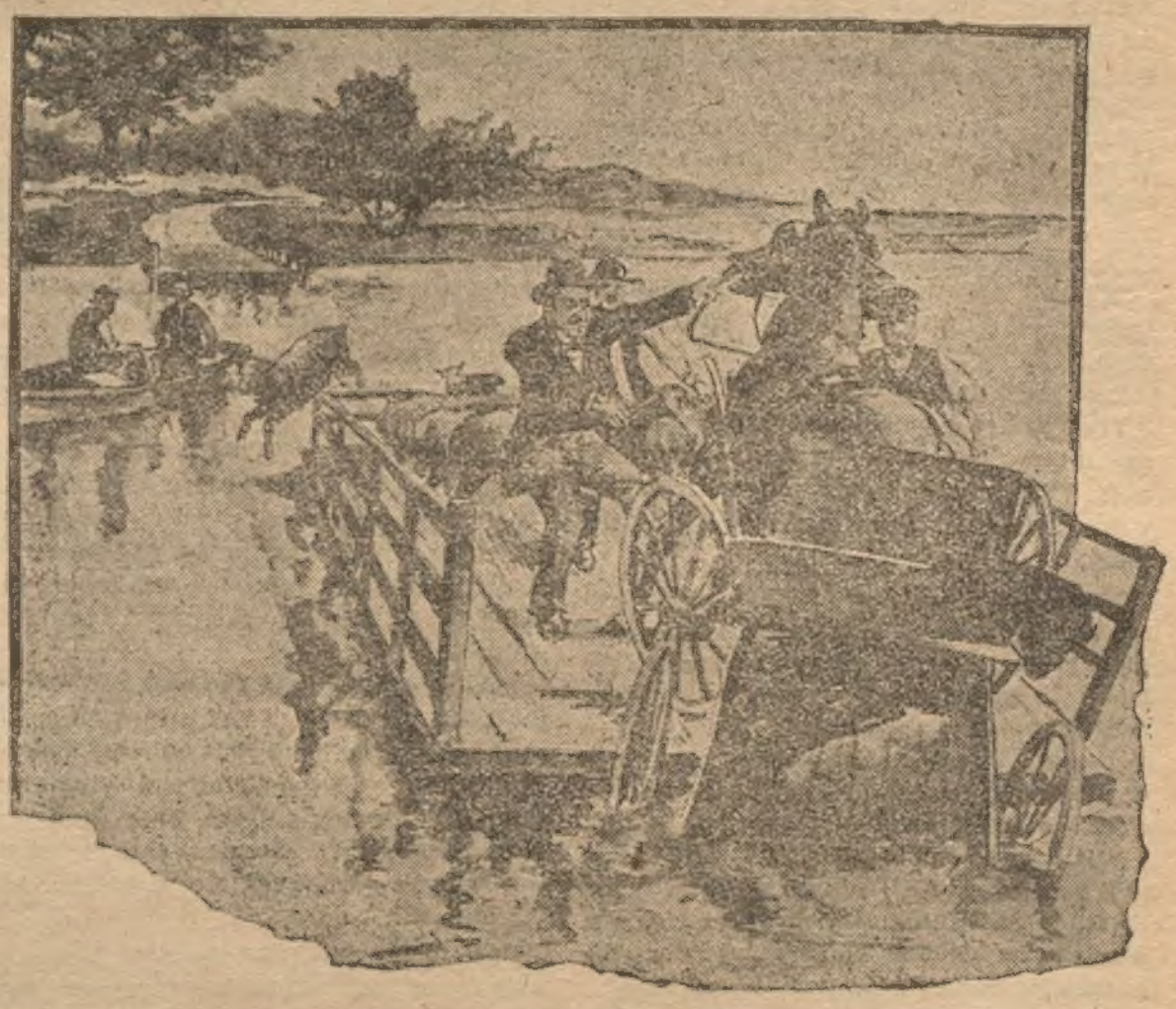
'And dive?'

'Yes.'

'Well, if you can find that bag of mine I'll divide the money in it with you. How deep is the river here?'

The boy turned to his father.

'Nigh on to twenty feet, out there, I reckon,' the ferryman said.



SAVE MY BAG, THE MAN CRIED.

'Humph!' said the man. 'I guess you won't find it. If you do, though, keep half the money and send the rest to me. My address is ———,' giving the name of a town in the western part of the State.

'Father,' said the boy, as he helped pull the scow back across the stream, the rowboat trailing behind, 'can you tell just about

where the boat was when that waggon tipped up and the bag went out?'

'I guess so,' the man said, and a few minutes later added, 'It was nigh about here.'

The boy marked the spot by making a scratch on the wire rope as it slid through the pulleys.

'You going out to try and find that bag?' the ferryman asked, as the scow's square end slid up on to the sandy bank below the house.

'Yes,' said the boy.

'I guess I better go with you, then. Go, get ready, and I'll wait here.'

The boy scrambled up the path to the house. In a few minutes he came back, stripped, except for a pair of light breeches such as divers wear. Born there by the river as John Wright had been, and brought up to spend half his time, when the river was not frozen, upon its surface, the boy swam and dived like an otter.

'Here's the place,' he said, when the scratch on the wire rope slid into sight.

The boat was halted, and the boy poised himself on the stern, with hands above his head, as nearly as he and his father could reckon just over the spot where the bag had been lost.

'Be careful you don't come up under the boat,' his father said.

'Yes,' said the boy, 'I'll look out.'

The slim white body doubled in the air. There was a splash, and he was out of sight. When he came up, blowing, the current had carried him several feet down stream. He swam back to the scow and climbed on board to get breath for another dive.

Again and again he went down, the boat being moved a little each time, and each time he came back empty-handed, except that once he brought up a handful of gravel, to show that he reached the river bottom.

'It's no use,' he said at last. 'The current is too strong. Even with all that weight in it the bag has gone down stream. Do you suppose it would stop anywhere? Do you suppose it would stop in that eddy, down there?' he added, pointing to a place near the bank some little distance down stream, where a piece of driftwood was slowly circling around and around.

'Maybe. You can't tell anything about the undercurrents here. Want to try it down there?'

'Yes,' said the boy.

The scow was pulled ashore, and the two rowed down stream in the small boat to the eddy. The boy dived two or three times, but with no success. The water was not so deep there.

That night after supper John went out and sat on the bank and looked at the river, and thought. Suddenly he got up and went to the house, to where the ferryman sat on the doorstep reading a newspaper.

'Father,' he said, 'what else did that drover say was in the bag besides the money?'

'Pair of sheep-shears.'

'Did you see the bag?'

'I just noticed it, sitting in the waggon there, as he led the team on to the boat. It was a brown leather handbag, about as big as that old one your brother Ed left here.'

'Do you know how much a hundred dollars in silver weigh?'

'No. Why?'

'Oh, nothing. I was just thinking.'

A few minutes later the young man might have been heard turning over old scrap-iron in the open chamber over the woodshed. When he came down he had a worn leather satchel in one hand and a pair of rusty sheepshears in the other. Leaving these in the woodshed he mounted his wheel and rode off in the direction of the village.

Ed. Wright, John's older brother, was a clerk in the village store.

'Ed,' his brother said, waiting until there was no one else in the store, 'I want to know how much a hundred dollars in silver would weigh.'

'Go on!' said his brother, thinking the boy was joking. 'What you up to?' Going to buy a silver mine by weight?'

'No,' said John, 'I'm not fooling. I want to know, bad.'

'What for?'

'No matter what for. I just want to know.' The older brother opened the money drawer and counted out ten dollars in halves and quarters, and dropped the money into the scoop of the scales which rested on the counter.

'Weigh those,' he said, 'and then multiply it by ten.'

John weighed the silver, and then figured for a minute on a piece of wrapping paper on the counter.

'Thank you, Ed, ever so, much,' he said, and, hurrying out to his wheel, rode off home.

There was a set of farmer's scales in the back kitchen of the ferryman's house. After John reached home he piled old iron bolts, nuts, anything, into the scoop of these scales until he had got a mass that would weigh in weight the hundred dollars in silver. This lot of old iron he slid into the leather satchel which he had found, and then put the sheepshears in on top. As the lock on the bag was broken, he tied the mouth of the bag together securely, so that it could not by any chance come open. Then he tied thirty or forty feet of stout fish line to the handle of the bag, and fastened a clean new shingle to the opposite end of the line.

It was night by this time, but not dark, for there was a full moon, and the long July twilight had faded imperceptibly into moonlight, which made the surface of the river, and the banks, except where the shadows of the trees fell back upon them, almost as plainly visible as in the day time.

John slipped up to his room, a little chamber under the eaves of the house. He had hung the bathing breeches out of the window to dry, after he had taken them off earlier in the day. They were dry now, and he put them on again, and put his trousers and coat on over them, buttoning his coat up to his throat.

The ferry was bringing a team across in the big boat. John could hear the men talking, their voices coming in distinctly over the water. The man in the waggon was a neighbor, and the ferryman was telling him about the accident on the river that afternoon.

The boy waited until the boat had reached the bank and the man had driven off up the road. When the house was quiet he took his bag of iron, with the string and shingle tied to it, and slipping out the back door went down to the river. Stepping into one of the rowboats he pushed off, and rowed out into the stream.

Once in the middle of the river the young man rowed back and forth, and up and down, for several minutes, until he was satisfied that he was very near the place where the large boat had been when the horse had backed the waggon overboard.

Then, taking the bag from the boat, he dropped it into the river.

The bag sank out of sight instantly. The shingle swirled in the water for a moment, and then slowly floated down stream.

The boy let the boat drift, checking it with the oars if it went too fast. The shingle buoy floated down slowly, more slowly than the current, held back as it was by the drag at the bottom of the river.

John reckoned over the time since the accident. The bag with the money in it had had several hours' start. It might be as many hours before the dummy bag found a resting place beside the first one, even if it found it at all. He decided that he would watch the chase that night only as far as the eddy by the bank just below the ferry. If the dummy did not stop there he would not stay out longer that night, but go home and start out early again in the morning.

In the bright moonlight the shingle showed distinctly on the water. It did not go into the eddy at all. Just before it was abreast of this place the buoy swerved diagonally toward the opposite side of the river, and then was dragged down stream again. Evidently the currents at the bottom of the river flowed differently from those at the surface.

John turned the boat's head up stream and rowed home. Before he went to bed he looked into an almanac and found that sunrise the next morning would be at a quarter before five o'clock, and then placed an alarm clock set to go off half an hour before beside the head of his bed.

When the clock woke him in the morning, and he dressed and went down to the boats, the whole Connecticut valley was a mass of fog. The water looked black, in contrast with the white wreaths of mist rising from it.

A few strokes of the oars sent the boat out into the channel and down past the eddy to the place where he had seen the last of the shingle the night before. From there he let the boat drift, scanning the water closely on both sides for his buoy.

Drifting in this way, turning from side to side, and now and then rowing out of the channel to explore some cove over which the branches of the trees which grew on the bank hung, John Wright went down the river nearly a mile before he found what he was looking for. The shingle was floating lazily in an eddy where the current, after sweeping around a sharp bend in the river, sheered off to a high, steep bank.

The boy knew the place. He had fished there and sometimes had gone in swimming there. The water was deep, but it was a good bottom, not rocky, and free from snags.

He rowed the boat into the eddy, and getting hold of the shingle pulled on the string, carefully at first, so as to find out just where his dummy bag lay. Then, that this might be out of the way, he pulled the water-soaked bag of scrap-iron up, and put it in the boat.

Stripping off his clothes he stood up on the seat of the boat. The broad, flat-bottomed rowboat made a fairly good surface to dive from.

It seemed just a little bit lonesome, diving down through all those feet of dark water, alone there, with all the rest of the world except a circle of a few rods around him blotted out in fog. Just then there came through the mist the whistle of the early down train on the railway and a minute later the snort of the locomotive as it started the train from a near-by station.

The sound brought the boy's courage back to him. He stood straight on the boat seat, clasped his hands high above his head, and dived.

A minute later he came up, blowing. The boat had drifted in the current of the eddy a little way from him. He swam to it and climbed in. When he had got breath, and was rested, he dived again.

He did this six times, choosing a new place to go down in each time.

The sixth time he was longer coming up, and when he reached the surface he floundered in the water, swimming with one hand and arm, but when he reached the boat that time he put over the side, before he climbed in himself, a water-soaked bag in which there were a hundred dollars, and half of the money was his.

[For the 'Messenger.'

To Those Who Love God.

(Mrs. R. Ruth Andrews, Richmond, Que.)

When you think of all your troubles
And you feel distressed with care;
Remember that your Saviour knows
And sees you everywhere.

He will not forget a tear drop;
He remembers every pain;
And He will hear you surely,
If you call to Him again.

In the past your faith was feeble,
But He heard and answered true;
So be steady and courageous
And His love He'll show to you.

Is a dear one sick and suffering?
Are your heart strings torn apart?
By a secret anxious trouble?
Then lean hard on Jesus' heart.

If He sees it best to grant you
Life without its cares and pains,
He will give it for the asking,
But remember Jesus reigns.

He has promised us that all things
Work together for our good,
If we only love our maker;
So what's easier understood.

All we have to do, is trust Him
Fully knowing every day
That the Lord is our redeemer,
And will guide us all the way.

A Prayer.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to feel the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power,
Make as simple as a flower
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon.
Beetle on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent,
Let me also cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot;
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way, and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

A Propos.

In selecting a publication don't let bulk, or cheapness, or premiums outweigh your better judgment. Neither the family food nor the family reading are matters to trifle with. Purity and wholesomeness should be the first consideration in either case. The result will be healthy minds in healthy bodies. Good quality often costs more but is always the most satisfactory in the end.

Twenty Per Cent

OR PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

(By M. A. Paull, (Mrs. John Ripley) in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER IV.—THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

John Aylmer was determined that Mr. Cheer's mission should be a success,—that is, in so far as he could make it so. He was the life and soul of his committee, as it is desirable for a secretary to be; and though his disappointment was great in regard to the lack of co-operation on the part of Mr. Adair, and still greater at what was to him the most unaccountable coldness of Mr. Lawrence, he left no stone unturned in order to secure the interest of the townfolk of Anyborough.

Anyborough was in very close proximity to the town of Threlfall, which prided itself on being residentiary, select, and genteel, and it was, of course, at Threlfall post office that Mr. Adair and Mr. Lawrence had posted their applications for shares in the 'Rara Avis Brewery Co.' It was much more difficult, as John Aylmer well knew, to gain workers in a temperance mission from Threlfall, than from the more practical inhabitants of Anyborough, where there was a factory or two and several potteries, besides the ordinary business of a town surrounded by a considerable agricultural district. It was only necessary for Threlfall and Anyborough to work together in any scheme to make it a complete success. Threlfall could furnish means and influence, and Anyborough could furnish the people's pence and energy and sympathy. But it was very rarely indeed that they could be induced to work harmoniously together, and then only in a spasmodic fashion, occurring at distant intervals.

There were a few teetotallers in Threlfall so thoroughly in earnest in their love to the good cause, that they would work anywhere and in any way to promote it; these, of course, were available, and John Aylmer enlisted them at once. Muriel Lawrence had intimated in her note that she would be answerable for the ladies of the choir which was to take part at each of Mr. Cheer's meetings, and things were gradually put into train by the determined young secretary to a very good degree, but there were still the chairmen to be found, and there was still the choice of a home to be made for Mr. Cheer.

John Aylmer often called on Mr. Lawrence, anxious to have his advice, which had before been so readily and agreeably given; but he could hardly ever get now a chance of the conversation he coveted. The minister was out, or so deeply engaged with his sermon, that he could not be disturbed, or so pressed with other engagements during the time of Mr. Cheer's mission, that he must positively refuse all requests to take any part in it.

Mrs. Lawrence was more pained and surprised than she could have expressed at this conduct on the part of her husband. Never during all the years of their married life, which in spite of many anxieties and frequent ill-health on her part, had been a happy one, had she felt herself so at a loss to understand him.

A disagreeable suspicion entered into her mind which she shrank from putting into words until she had some definite ground for it. It was such a trial to her to harbor, even unwillingly, such a possibility, that it made her very uneasy, very restless, and often very sleepless.

Everyone knows how night adds terror and certainty to trouble, and what a weird power of magnifying evil darkness possesses. The terrified child crying out as it conjures a thousand horrors which it cannot see, only gives a voice to what is true in the experience of every one.

At night, then, Mrs. Lawrence believed it possible that her good, kind, Christian husband had yielded to some persuasive hospitality, and broken his pledge, and could not summon courage to tell her so, because he knew how sinful she would regard his conduct. This action on his part would explain his behaviour to that good, devoted young man, Mr. Aylmer, and his lack of interest in the temperance mission, and his unwillingness to speak as she had desired him to speak to Mr. Adair. Oh! if this were true, how could they expect their boys to remain faithful to their Band of Hope, and what a flood-gate of danger in their future careers would thus be opened. If her husband himself was at all restless or sleepless, her suspicion was confirmed, she got up unrefreshed and weary; and though the sunshine partly drove away her fears, they were not wholly dismissed, but only in abeyance, ready at dusk to marshal themselves again in full force. She was a pious woman, and she prayed for guidance, and felt a good deal ashamed of the lack of courage which prevented her from opening her heart to her husband. She could not bear to wrong him, and she felt she should deserve his rare censure if she had done so.

There was yet another trouble connected with the matter in her motherly heart. She had watched with not a little interest, the progress of the friendship between John Aylmer and Muriel. Mrs. Lawrence was not a woman of the new school; she very seriously believed that a woman's rightest and truest destiny was to become the beloved wife of a good man, and when she observed the eyes of the young temperance secretary follow Muriel with admiration, and noticed a tenderness, of which he was hardly himself aware, in his tone, when he addressed the young girl, thought was busy within her; the first notes of the old love song she herself had listened to so many years ago were echoed, and the first pages of a romance scarcely less absorbing to her than her own had been, were apparently opening before her.

Not that Muriel's mother wished to lose the sweet companionship of her child. If John Aylmer had been a rich man with his position made, able to contemplate at once the founding of a home, and a settlement for a bride, Mrs. Lawrence would have shrunk almost in pain from the possibility of such an immediate future, which she would have deemed wholly unwise and unsuitable. But the case was altogether different, and she had a growing regard for the sturdy uprightness and independence of John Aylmer, who stopped at no difficulty in the path of right; which made her by no means averse to the possibility of his some day, when several more years had been added to the lives of all of them, becoming her son-in-law.

John Aylmer had not had an easy life. He had been a worker almost from his childhood. There was a reason for his hatred of strong drink, of which he rarely spoke, but which influenced his whole life. His father, a surgeon, had acquired a taste for intoxicants, and had ruined his bright prospects in every possible way, by his indulgence. The children of the drunken doctor were pitied by many, snubbed by some, and were alternately petted and tyrannized over by their father. Their mother bore her troubles bravely for a long while, doing the best she could for her little ones, and then suddenly the patient heart broke, and her sad life was

ended. There were four children still alive at the time of their mother's death, the younger two were offered a home with Mrs. Aylmer's parents on the condition that their father would never interfere with them till they were of age. He sulkily consented, because the trouble of them and the cost of their maintenance and education he knew not how to meet. The elder pair, John and Charles, were already elected free scholars at the Grammar School, through the pitying kindness of some of their friends, and they therefore took care of themselves out of school hours, and remained under the nominal protection of their father.

A rough, good-natured country girl did the work of the house, prepared the meals of the boys and herself in a very primitive fashion, and extended to them her hearty sympathy in their perplexities, and in their boyish fun.

Whatever load of trouble crushes childish hearts, there are times when youth and health conquer all surrounding difficulties; there were sunny memories in John Aylmer's mind of innocent frolics, exciting games, and playful tricks shared in by his brother and himself, sometimes in company with their school-fellows, at others with good-hearted Sue.

There were other memories, so dark, so sad, so enshrouded with gloom, that even to recall them, now that years had passed since his experience of them, was enough to chase the smile from the lips of John Aylmer.

The doctor's excesses brought on the particular form of madness to which drunkards are subject, 'delirium tremens.' His first attack came on soon after the death of his wife and his separation from his younger children. Remorse, grief, which he endeavored to drown in constant potations were the exciting causes, but neither John nor Charles, little lads of eleven and nine, nor their ignorant servant Sue, understood in the least how to deal with such a difficult case. Drunkenness in her master did not frighten Sue as it might have done a more refined and sensitive nature. She had had to manage people who were drunk many a time, she told the boys, and when Dr. Aylmer came into his house in a semi-helpless condition she coaxed him, or scolded him as she thought best, and generally managed to persuade him to lie on a sofa or go to bed, and sleep off the worst effects of his intoxication.

But when the brain of the doctor, instead of being narcotized, was abnormally excited, when he flung off restraint, when he talked wildly and madly and exhibited a degree of fury and strength that she had never seen equalled, Sue acknowledged that she didn't know what to do with him, and that John or Charles must immediately fetch a doctor.

John hurried to obey, and when he returned with the kindly medical man, who had a shrewd suspicion of what was the matter, it was to find the terrified Sue and the sobbing Charlie shut in the kitchen of the house, while Dr. Aylmer, brandishing a carving knife, appeared first at one window, then at another, threatening to kill both himself and everybody who insulted him.

For a long time after his recovery from this attack, Dr. Aylmer appeared to dread a recurrence of it: he was much more careful in his use of strong drink; some of his friends began to have a good hope of his reclamation; but as he never totally abstained, his dread faded into forgetfulness, and he dallied with his enemy.

Again and again there was imminent danger for his children and his servant, scenes were burnt into the brains of John and Charles Aylmer too terrible for human imaginings. The intellect of Dr. Aylmer grew weak from these repeated attacks, and before his son came to Anyborough, he was the inmate of an asylum.

(To be continued.)

Mollie's Euchre Party.

(By Mrs. A. E. Maskell, in 'Ram's Horn.')

It was Sunday afternoon, and a crowd of young people were going home from Sunday-school, when they met another crowd coming from another Sunday-school.

They paused to exchange civilities, then a bright-eyed, mirthful maiden, wanted to know how many were going to the euchre party the next evening.

'I don't know about these euchre parties,' said a young man, shaking his head. 'It seems strange if Christian people can't find amusement a little more respectable.'

'Respectable!' respectable!' repeated several voices as loudly as they dared, considering it was Sunday.

'Well, if that isn't too much, when all the best society in the city play progressive euchre,' spoke up Mollie Huston, 'Why, to-morrow will be a very exclusive affair. No one is invited but the A No. Ones."

'Everybody plays progressive euchre who is anybody at all,' spoke up Stella Shivers.

'We don't play for money,' said Carrie Lane.

'That may all be,' replied the young man, 'but I can't think anything very respectable that is so common as cards are in the lowest dens of the city.'

'You cannot attach a lack of respectability to a mere bit of pasteboard,' spoke up Nettie Rives. 'Might as well say nobody ought to eat bread and butter because it is eaten in the lowest dens of the city.'

'That is no comparison at all,' spoke up the young man. 'Bread and butter is a necessity, and has never made a man sin, while cards are the devil's own tools.'

'Come on and don't listen,' spoke up the prettiest girl of the number. 'You will come, won't you, Fred Ives?' coaxingly to another young man who was listening intently to everything that was said.

'I am undecided,' came the reply. 'I promised my mother on her dying bed that I would never play cards.'

'Ah! but she didn't mean progressive euchre.'

'I don't know. I think she didn't want me to touch them, for who knows, if I should become very fond of playing euchre, I might want to go right on and play for money.'

'I wouldn't give much for anybody so weak minded as that,' said Mollie.

'What is no temptation to one, might be to another,' spoke up the first young man. 'If we are going to pray for God to keep us out of temptation, we have no business running right into it. Many a person has fallen when he thought he was securely standing. We are all professing Christians, and are told to come out from the world and be not partakers of sin.'

'Let us go on,' said Mollie,' a little angrily. .'You can't talk sense into some people.'

'Some people are a hundred years behind the times, and will always stay there,' called back Nettie Rives.

'That's an excuse used by everybody worsted in an argument,' spoke up Ella Ashton. 'I, for one, believe that Charlie Barton is right, and am going to no more card parties.'

Ella now became the target for the most scathing remarks, but was so firm in her convictions as to not make her appearance the next evening. The undecided young man was there, however,

'I thought you weren't coming,' said Mollie, gaily.

'I thought if it wouldn't hurt the rest of you, it wouldn't hurt me,' laughed the young man.

The evening was pronounced a great success, even if Charlie Barton and Ella Ashton were not among the number, and euchre parties became such a rage that there was one somewhere every week; and no one seemed so much interested in the game as Fred Ives, who wasn't certain that it was just right.

In fact, Fred became so much interested in cards that he wanted to play them all his spare time, and began to wonder just how they played a game for money. Surely it would not be wrong to just watch a game if he took no part himself.

He soon found the places, and there was a certain fascination in witnessing games that increased so much, that almost before he knew it, he was actually engaged himself, and for money.

When he went home that first night he took ten dollars that he had won. He went again, and won, and, again, then made up his mind that he was made for that kind of life, so he smoked more cigars, drank more wine, and spent more time at the gambling table.

It soon began to be whispered around that something was the matter with Fred Ives. He didn't go to prayer-meetings any more, or Sunday-school, and was very seldom seen in the house of God at any time.

One night, a year or two later, a report spread like wild-fire through the streets: Fred Ives had shot himself, and was dying. His former companions listened to the report with blanched faces—they were just in the midst of a game of euchre.

Then word came that the dying man wanted to see them all. They swept the cards aside, and putting on their wraps, sallied forth into the street, without one speaking a word to the other all the way.

They found Fred propped up in bed with pillows.

'I—I want to tell you,' he gasped, 'It was progressive euchre brought me—where I am. But for that seemingly innocent game, I should never have touched a card.

'I won money, and I wanted more and more, and fool that I was, I thought I'd win every time; but to-night, when I lost all, and a hundred dollars of my employer's money also, I concluded I could not face the shame and disgrace, and so—so excited, I scarcely realized what I did, I shot myself. The doctor says I may live until morning. I want to warn you before it is too late, lest some one else may be tempted and fall as I have. That's all. You may go,' and the young people fled out of the house one by one, and back into the room where the cards lay on the table.

With a shudder Mollie gathered them up and threw them into the stove, and then a young man said: 'Let us pray we may never touch such vile things again.'

Inebriety Among American Women.

If the drink traffic is not restrained in this country we predict an increase of inebriety among American women. Already the business of distributing 'bottled beer for families' is on the rapid increase, and stronger drinks may soon be included. Canteens for soldiers, saloons for citizens, liquor carts for women.—American Paper.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edge, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

'The Fund.'

(By Pansy, in 'C. E. World.')

'And so, daughter—' the Rev. Joseph Frasier paused, waited a moment, cleared his throat, and began again. 'You see how it is, dear; father is more sorry than he can put into words. I thought, up to the last hour, almost, that I could manage it, but the unexpected illness and death of poor old Aunt Sally took every penny that was laid aside towards it. I couldn't let her die in the county house when she was the oldest member of our church, and a faithful friend to your grandmother. Even then, if it had not been for poor Uncle Edward's trouble, and inability to pay back that hundred dollars

YES, THERE WERE HER GUESTS!

we loaned him, it might have been managed; but as it is——' The girl at the window turned and came toward him. She had a winsome face and bright brown eyes that just then glistened with some unshed tears. Even though the man had not called her 'daughter' an observer would have been certain of the relationship. She had the same firm chin and resolute mouth.

'But as it is I can't go to school this fall; that is what you are trying to tell me, father, and I have known it for several weeks. Don't be worried papa, dear; I know you tried as hard as ever you could, and I understand all about it, of course. One year more won't matter so very much, and I shall study at home and try to keep up. It will be all right, father; it will truly, and I don't mean to cry one speck.'

A large tear rolled down and splashed upon the father's hand as she spoke, and the girl hid her face suddenly upon his shoulder and let others follow it.

The father passed his large, worn hand tenderly over her brown head, and murmured brokenly in curious contrast with the cheerful words: 'There spoke my good, brave girl! Your mother said that I could trust you to understand and be cheery about it, and I knew that I could. But that doesn't alter the fact that it is a bitter disappointment. I tried hard to have it otherwise.'

The brown head came up presently, and Alethea Frasier sought hurriedly for her handkerchief, and laughed through her tears.

'That was just a little April shower, father, out of season. I'm dreadfully ashamed of it, though, in the face of all those nice things you said about me. I'm going to deserve them; see if I don't.'

Perhaps both were secretly glad to be interrupted at that moment. Alethea meant to be brave, but the disappointment was sore. She had known it, as she said, for several weeks, or at least almost known it. An inward conviction that her father could not raise the money needed to send her away for that coveted year at school had been steadily growing, but this was the first time that it had been put into distinct language. Always heretofore there had been that undertone of hope that something might 'happen' to change the condition of things; but nothing had happened, and now the fact was recognized.

There are some girls who will not be able to appreciate the bitterness of Alethea Frasier's disappointment. Going to school is so much a matter of course to them that the idea of its being a special privilege, involving care and expense, and very often indeed sacrifice on the part of others, does not even occur to them. Alethea's life had not been lived along that plane. She fully, and at times almost too keenly, appreciated the sacrifices made for her. Since she had been old enough to have a voice in such matters, she had known that not a new dress or hat or even a pair of shoes had been bought for her without some quiet sacrifice on the part of mother or father or both. The only daughter of a country pastor, with two little brothers and 'the baby' to think about, and their share of the poor of the church to look after—the girl had certainly been trained in the school of economy.

Occasionally she wondered why the minister's share of the church poor should be so disproportionately large, why, for instance, there had been no home but theirs open to Aunt Sally, the oldest member, and no pocketbook but theirs to meet the funeral expenses when Aunt Sally's room in the place of 'many mansions' was finally ready for her; especially when she remembered that some of the deacons lived in large houses, and had substantial bank-accounts; but she never, even for a moment, thought that they might have let poor Aunt Sally close her life in the poorhouse. She would have been the first to have spurned indignantly such a suggestion. Nevertheless, it was probably Aunt Sally's comfortable home for three months, and Aunt Sally's doctor's bill and coffin and grave that had brought to naught her cherished plans.

They had been cherished for a long time. It was now nearly three years since the Rev. Joseph Frasier had made the astounding announcement at the breakfast-table one morning: 'Next year, mother, or by year after next certainly, we must send Allie to Grantly for at least one year; two, if we can.'

Alethea remembered just how she had set down her glass of milk because her hand trembled, and had felt the waves of color roll into her face at the mere suggestion. She would not, it seemed to her, have been for the moment more amazed had her father said, 'We must manage next year to send Allie to heaven.' Indeed, Grantly was only second to heaven in her thoughts. The girls, her friends, the deacon's daughters and Dr. Anderson's daughter, went to Grantly, but not Alethea Frasier; why, it took several hundred dollars to spend a year at Grantly! What could her father be thinking of?

Nevertheless, he had thought much about it, and after that first announcement he talked much about it; they talked together, and planned and calculated and saved and sacrificed, and added slowly, very slowly, to 'the fund.' Not the first year, nor yet the second, had it been found to be large enough to justify the expenditure; but they had all been so confident that the next year would bring it to pass that they had begun, the mother and daughter, to plan just what dresses she would need, and to say that a new waterproof would be a necessity, for of course Allie could not wear her mother's when she went to Grantly.

Then had come poor Aunt Sally's utter collapse, so that she could not sit any more in her one easy chair, and patch and darn and mend for those who brought her her

breakfasts and dinners. Somebody must take care of Aunt Sally; she could no longer look after her one little room, and make her bed. All the houses connected with the Rev. Joseph Frasier's church grew suddenly small. The only one for miles around where there was found to be room for Aunt Sally was the little story and a half old-fashioned manse. Thither Aunt Sally went and was cared for until the angels who minister to those who are heirs of salvation came for her.

Even then, the poor clay that she left behind needed care, and in all these ways, not to mention Uncle Edward's 'ill luck' and consequent inability to pay the borrowed hundred dollars, the sacred 'fund' steadily decreased, until all the grown-up members of the family went about with the unspoken fear that Allie must give up Grantly for another year. Nobody said that it was not very likely that she would get there at all, but every one of them feared that that was what it meant. It had taken three hard years to gather 'the fund'; and Allie was nineteen now, and the boys were growing older every day. The outlook was dark.

Still, they were all brave. After those first tears shed on her father's shoulder, supplemented by a regular storm of them when she reached her own room, Alethea kept her word, and 'did not cry a speck.' It is true that occasionally her spirits seemed to be so high that the father and mother looked at one another with significant and pathetic smiles, and understood that their brave girl was trying to hide her pain under a forced gayety; but for the most part she was sweet and brave and helpful as before.

After so heavy a disappointment perhaps one would not be expected to notice smaller ones; yet it must be confessed that, when Alethea's plan to take a twenty miles' 'spin' with a party of young people to Glendale came to naught, she did feel a touch of sympathy with old Jacob when he said, 'All these things are against me.'

They had been invited to Glendale for the day, six of them, to have a farewell visit with Helen and Louise Westervelt, whose father was a banker and lived in a lovely home; and the daughters were to enter Grantly the next term.

Yet the morning mail brought so imperative a summons from Uncle Edward and so pitiful a wail from Aunt Annie to come to them at once in an emergency that father and mother both felt there was no alternative but for them to depart for the day.

'But, Allie dear, what will you do?' Mrs. Frasier had said, stopping her hurried preparations in dismay, as the thought of the girl's frustrated plans came to her.

'Stay at home, of course, mother dear, and take as good care of Toodles as I can.' Whereupon she swung Toodles, otherwise Joseph Parkman Frasier, jr., up into the air with such vim that he shouted his joy.

'Poor child!' said Mrs. Frasier. 'I declare it does seem too bad! If there were any other way——'

'Well there isn't, mother dear; Josie and I will have good times, and do what we like every blessed minute, won't we, Josie? Mother, shall I get out your heavy shawl? It may be real cold to-night, you know.'

She watched them drive away, having told her father cheerily that he was to take the twenty miles' 'spin' instead of herself, that was all, then she went back to the lonely house, and began the routine of homely duties that must occupy her morning. Long before this the little boys had been despatched with a note to explain to the girls her non-appearance and they were probably well on their way by this time. Never mind; she would make a holiday of it in spite of fate. The first baked sweet apples of the season were in the pantry; the little boys would be delighted with baked apples and milk for luncheon, and with dinner at night after father and mother reached home. Young Joseph, with the house so quiet, was good for a three hours' nap; and she would be a lady, and sit in her easy chair and read. Not a bit of housework or sewing would she do. How fortunate that she had a new book that had hardly even been glanced at!

She flew about the neat little kitchen, eager to despatch the morning work, and presently found a letter that her father had forgotten to mail. A glance at the clock showed that mail-time was near. She must run over to the office with that letter; it might be important. Young Joseph, entirely willing to have his hat tied under his chubby chin, chuckled with delight over the unexpected walk; but the postmistress said, 'Here's a postal card, Allie, that got missed out of your mail somehow.' And Allie read it on the way home.

'My Dear Frasier:—I'm coming to make that long-promised call, and take a bite with you at your hospitable table; more than that, I'm going to bring company. You have heard me speak of Mr. Waterson, of New York? He and his wife are spending a few days with us, and we are going to drive to Glendale and spend a day or two. It occurred to my wife this morning that a delightful feature of the plan would be to take luncheon with you, and so carry out a plan made long ago. If we were not well acquainted with your good wife and her resources, we should not dare do this without longer notification; but, as the time is short, I think we'll risk it, and call upon you, anyway. We shall be with you about one o'clock to-morrow, if all goes well. We can give you about two hours, and then must push on. Yours fraternally, HOSMER.'

Alethea gave a dismayed exclamation as she read, dumped Joseph on the grass in their own yard while she ran to look at the kitchen clock, then sat down on the steps to consider. Mr. Hosmer was her father's old friend, a brother minister in the next parish twelve miles away. She knew him very well, and his wife a little, but these people from New York they had never seen; and it was now ten o'clock, and at one they would all be there to take luncheon! Well, of course, there was nothing to be done but to explain to them that her father and mother were away for the day, and say how sorry they would be to lose the visit. Then, of course, the guests would go on their way.

But where would they get luncheon? It was twenty miles to Glendale, and people who had already taken a sixteen miles' ride over a hilly road might be expected to need refreshment. There were no hotels between here and Glendale that could be recommended. It would try her father very much to think that his old friend who had for several years been planning to make them a visit should be so inhospitably treated; but there was no help for it.

Wait! Was there not? Why should not she, Alethea Frasier, get luncheon ready for her father's guests? To be sure, she had never done it alone; but there must always be a first time. Moreover, the Watersons of New York were very stylish people, probably used to all sorts of dainties. Never mind; they grew hungry, she supposed, like other people, and could eat on plain ironstone and with plated forks for once. She would do it. Father would be so distressed not to have Mr. Hosmer cared for comfortably. There was the baby to think about, it was true; but the little boys would be at home at noon, and they would help.

'Yes, sir, Mr. Joseph Parkman Frasier,' she said, perching that young man on her shoulder, 'we'll do it, you and I; and Oh, I "hope" you will rise to the occasion and be as good as gold, for there's everything to be done.'

Never in all the years of her busy life had Alethea Frasier passed a busier morning. It seemed to her that the hands of the old clock fairly flew. Since the guests were limited as to time, it would not do to delay them. As the dignified clock struck the half-hour for half-past twelve, the sound of wheels drew the young housekeeper to the door. Yes, there were her guests! and she reflected with infinite satisfaction that the dear little chops were cooking beautifully, and that her stewed potatoes were set where they could not burn.

How pretty a hostess she made! Her cheeks were a trifle redder than usual, but it was very becoming. That luncheon was surely all that they could have desired, and the gentlemen praised the coffee as much as the ladies did the salad. Young Joseph, who had declined to sleep as long as had been planned, demanded attention in the midst of the meal; but Alethea ran to him with loving words and caresses, and soothed his feelings promptly, so that he came, presently, serene and smiling, to watch them take coffee.

'You don't say that you are entirely alone!' exclaimed Mr. Hosmer, at last. And Alethea explained that the little boys had been there at noon, but had had to run back to school.

'Well, upon my word!' said Mr. Waterson. 'So you are the fairy that has evolved all this good cheer, and taken care of a baby besides! Your father must be proud of you, Miss Frasier.'

'Oh, what about your own school?' began Mr. Hosmer. 'Grantly doesn't open yet, though, for two weeks, does it? Your father told me, the last time I met him, what plans you were making for it.'

Alethea was very tired; it was probably for that reason that there came a sudden quiver of her lips and an almost overwhelming desire to let the tears come. She ordered them sternly back, and controlled her voice as well as she could, while she said briefly: 'That has been given up, Mr. Hosmer; I am not to go. Mr. Waterson, may I give you another cup of coffee?'

'How she did hush me up on the school question!' said Mr. Hosmer, when they were speeding over the road again. 'I never saw anything more simply dignified, and her eyes were full of tears that minute. I tell you, I'm sorry for that girl; she is worth her weight in gold anywhere, and she's a capital scholar; and here she must give up all her hopes of an education, just because her father isn't given salary enough to educate her. Don't you call that a shame?'

'Are you sure it is money that is in the way?' asked Mr. Waterson.

'Of course it is. What else would keep a girl like that from school, feeling it as she evidently did? You saw a specimen of her executive ability this morning? Well, she walks through her studies with just that force; I've heard of her; and I say it's too bad. Oh, I know what's in the way well enough; it's the same thing that cripples most of the ministers about here,—lack of means. If I had the money, I'd send that girl to Grantly next week.'

'Ermina,' said Mr. Waterson turning to his wife, 'why isn't she the girl for whom we are looking?'

'I've been thinking of that,' said Mrs. Waterson. 'I thought of it all the while she was serving that delicious luncheon, and I believe she is the very one.'

Then it was revealed that Mr. and Mrs. Waterson had had a trust fund committed to them years before by their own dear daughter, who had graduated from school and gone home to her Father's palace to live forever. The interest of the fund was to be used each year to help some dear girl through school, who without its help could not have gone. And the father and mother, who always took a keen personal interest in these wards of their absent daughter, had been for several weeks quietly on the watch for another. They wanted just the sort of girl that their child would approve, and it came to pass that they believed they had found her.

'Sly little pussie!' said the Rev. Joseph Frasier, as he stroked his daughter's brown head that was leaning against his arm. 'She appeared to give up all idea of school; and then gave up even her bicycle trip and her fine dinner at Glendale, and stayed at home without a murmur while her old father and mother rode away. They told each other that she was as unselfish and brave and faithful as an angel; and all the while she was at work, baking and frying and broiling herself into a three years' course at Grantly with all the extras thrown in!'

'It wasn't the frying and broiling, father,' said Alethea, lifting happy eyes to his face. 'It was mother's salad-dressing; Mrs. Waterson said it was the best she ever tasted.'

'And to think,' said the mother, 'that I actually grumbled that morning about having to go away, and said I could not see why all Allie's plans had to be spoiled! How little we understand!'

The Little Nuisance.

(By Harriet Winton Davis, in Chicago 'Standard.')

The day was warm and Robert Reed leaned his head against the casing of the open window, while he closed his eyes and tried to think of a subject for an essay. He thought of the Chinese question, then he wondered if he could handle 'International Arbitration.' Robert kept up pretty well with the questions of the day, but he knew his limitations. 'Our Relations to the Philippines' had an alluring sound, and somehow it seemed as if there was a better chance there. He thought of such withering things he could say to that Atkinson set. How he would demolish their arguments. He had taken such a deep interest in the question, and had heard his father discuss it so often that he really felt quite master of the subject.

Just as he had written with a flourish, 'The duty we owe to the Philippines,' his mother came in from the kitchen, softly singing to the child asleep in her arms. She laid her in the cradle and carefully arranged the mosquito netting. Then she turned to Robert. 'I thought Bessie would be back by this time. You'll have to keep a little watch of the baby, Robert, while I run down to the village. I think she'll sleep till I get back, but if she should wake up, you can give her her medicine.'

'All right, mother; how much ?' said Robert, trying to keep his mental grip of a knock-down opening sentence.

'Oh, about a teaspoonful—it's perfectly harmless. Put it in a little water, and she'll like it. The bottle is on the kitchen clock shelf.'

The house all to himself, how fast the ideas came, and the sentences fairly flowed from his pencil. He was quite elated as he covered page after page. Suddenly he heard a small protest from the corner.

Tiptoeing across the room, he began gently rocking the cradle, while he tried to hum the baby back to sleep, as he had heard his mother do, but it was no use. The wide open blue eyes were staring into his, while the dimpled fists fought the netting with a dogged determination. Robert loved his little sister with all his boyish heart, but somehow that feeling wasn't uppermost just then.

'What on earth made you wake up so soon you consummate little nuisance ? You don't sleep as long as it takes mother to get you to sleep,' and he scowled at her till the baby mouth went up in such grieved fashion that his heart relented.

'I guess I'd better write about the duty I owe the baby,' he said, as he gently lifted her from the cradle. 'You're a pretty nice kid, after all—but I don't see how I'm going to write if I hold you.'

The tiny hands, grasping the paper and his hair alternately, were so persistent that he soon laid his paper on the table. 'Gracious,' he said, 'I forgot your medicine, young one.' He put her back in her little nest, where she quickly set up a shrill scream.

'Now, "set where you're sot," till I get it, and don't howl so. I should think mother'd go crazy. I wonder if I ever acted like that. Can't you hush up?' And Robert hurriedly prepared the medicine, while the shrieks grew louder and more piercing. 'I'll put on mother's apron,' he thought, 'or she'll send it all over my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.'

The baby stopped her cries and obediently opened her mouth at sight of the spoon. 'That's it, Miss Reed; now you're acting like a lady.' Robert hunted up the woolly lamb and smiled at the ecstatic look which overspread the little face as the infantile hands reached for the favorite plaything. Then he turned to his writing again, but he had hardly traced a sentence before he threw it aside and springing from his seat rushed into the kitchen. 'Did she say on the shelf or the table?' he thought, and then it all came to him. Instead of the bottle on the clock shelf, he had taken the one from the table, and that was marked 'Laudanum.'

Robert might live to an advanced age, but it is doubtful if he ever would pass through more poignant anguish than filled his soul at that moment. He had poisoned his little sister. Could she be saved ? What could he do? A dozen thoughts rushed through his mind with lightning speed, He knew that his mother had somewhere a book that would meet just such cases as this, but in the state of mind he was in he could not have told whether it was likely to be in the summer kitchen or the best bedroom. No, he must run for help—but where? The nearest neighbor he knew was away. Besides, he must trust that precious life only to skilled hands. He lifted the baby from the cradle, and dashing through the kitchen, caught his mother's sunbonnet from a nail, and holding it lightly over the flaxen head, tore down the dusty road, his small burden, too astonished to even gurgle, pressed close to him. He felt that if she should die he wanted to die himself. 'A nuisance!' How the hateful word came back to him, and he groaned aloud.

He passed a farm waggon in his headlong flight, and the occupants stared in open-mouthed wonder—but little he cared for the strange spectacle he presented. As he neared his goal, he caught sight of his mother and Bessie coming down a cross street, and beckoning madly to them, he flew on. He was the fastest runner in school, and had beaten in many a hard won race, but he broke his own record, as, breathless and bare-headed, with apron-strings flying, he dashed into the village drug-store.

'Laudanum!' he gasped, as he almost threw the child into the lap of Dr. Harper, who sat by the open door.

'Hey—hi—what's this?' the old man said, mechanically grasping the kicking bundle.

'I've poisoned her; it's laudanum,' poor Robert managed to whisper, almost in a collapse.

'Why, you young fiend!' the doctor said, as he looked at him over his spectacles. 'Here, hold it a minute,' and he hurried behind the counter. A moment later, as he was trying to force open the unwilling mouth, Mrs. Reed and Bessie ran into the store.

'What is it? Oh, Robert, what is it?' his mother gasped.

'I gave her laudanum instead of the medicine, and she's going to die,' and Robert buried his face in his hands.

Mrs. Reed's very lips were white with terror, but her practical nature asserted itself.

'Robert, look up here, and tell me exactly what you did. How could you have given her laudanum? There wasn't a drop in the house.'

Robert looked up with a momentary gleam of hope, which died away, as he said with dull despair, 'Yes, there was; it said laudanum on the bottle and the cross-bones and everything. It was right on the kitchen table, and I forgot you said the shelf.'

Bessie who had been crying silently as she clung to her mother, looked up at this, while a radiance broke through her tears. 'Oh, Robert, that wasn't laudanum, it was liquorice water. I had it for my dolly's medicine, and I found the bottle on the ash-heap.'

The doctor suspended operations, and a grin overspread his face as he handed the baby over to her mother.

'Here, Mrs. Reed, you take her now. I guess she'll pull through. She seems to be out of danger.'

[For the 'Messenger'

Greatness.

It may not be for us to climb
  The mount of fame;
Nor in a nation's annals 'grave
  A lasting name.
Not ours to sway the world with power
  Of mind or will,
Nor delve in mysteries profound
  With wondrous skill.

In lowliest paths of life, obscure
  Our lot may be;
Yet ours may be an honored name
  Throughout eternity.
In deeds of loving kindness we
  Our names may write
On hearts of fellow-travellers
  Through life's chill night.

The mystery of perfect peace
  We may unfold,
Of service sweet, of blessed hope,
  Of joy untold.
Eager to serve in smallest ways
  That Name elate,
In humblest tasks of daily life
  We may be truly great.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents to the end of the year, and, while they last the back numbers of this year will also be included. The contents of the issue of Jan. 18 are given below.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Jan. 18, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Isthmian Canal—Chicago 'Inter-Ocean' and 'The Nation,' New York.
President Palma and the Future of Cuba—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
The Persian Lamb—'St. James's Gazette.'
Malta and Liberty of Language—'The Tablet,' London.
The Marquis Ito's Visit to England—'The Times,' London.
Rome's Forty Years of Progress—By the Rev. Wolcott Calkins, D.D., in Boston 'Transcript.'
Pope Leo's Closing Days—From the Rome correspondent of the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Expected Decline of Trade—'The Pilot,' London.
Mr. Balfour on Trade and Education—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Eagle and the Lion—Troy 'Press.'
The Americanization of England—By Earl Mayo, in 'The Forum.'
A Defence of England—'Vlestnik Evropa,' Russian Political Magazine.
Street Life in Naples—'Public Opinion,' London.
Ptolemy, the Champion Diver—By Hector Grainger, in the 'Royal Magazine.'
Christmas in the West Indies—'Pall Mall Gazette.'
The Goethian Ideal—'Gentleman's Magazine.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Sir Noel Paton—'Daily News,' London.
On the Evolution of Art—'The Month,' London (a Roman Catholic Magazine). Slightly abridged.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Owner's Inscription—Adopted by Sir Walter Scott for his books.
Resurgam—Poem, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in 'Harper's Magazine.'
Night on the South Coast—Poem by Evan Keane, in 'The Speaker,' London.
South Africa, 1901—Poem by 'B,' in 'The Spectator,' London.
The Reading Public—Part II.—By Andrew Lang and 'X.', a Working Man, in 'Cornhill Magazine.'
Mr. Balfour on Belief—'The Spectator,' London.
Jane Austen—New York 'Post.'
A Study in Costume—'The Nation,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Death of the Father of Scientific Agriculture—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Ocean's Depths—'Forest and Stream.'
Horse Chestnuts as Food—'The Literary Digest.'
A Tall Story—'The Electrical Review.'
Scenes—'The Lancet,' London.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

A Surprise.

('The Prize.')

Old Mr. Simms, our rector's gardener, is a very careful man; he always has a pair of thick, rough boots ready to wear when digging, and this is because he will not risk spoiling better ones.

When the digging boots are not in use, they are hanging on a peg against the tool-house wall, and there they were from January until May this year, for the poor old man was at home, ill.

THERE IS SOMETHING HERE SIMMS, I WANT YOU TO SEE.

As soon as he was able to go out again, he paid a visit to the Rectory, and, after tea, his young mistress went with him into the tool-house. 'There is something here I want you to see, Simms,' she said, with a smile, 'It will be quite a surprise!'

He followed her to where his boots were hanging, and then he saw in one of them a robin's nest—a little round cup, woven of dead grasses, lined with hair, and surrounded with hay and dead leaves; and in it were four round eggs, pinky white, with reddish brown spots! The sight pleased him very much, but he never saw those eggs again; no, the next time he peeped into the nest he found four young birds there—four wee birds, in jackets of light brown, and their breasts covered with mottled and speckled feathers.

They certainly looked more like the children of a pair of thrushes than children of a pair of robins, but I dare say you know that many birds when young are very unlike their parents, and that a robin does not wear a brown jacket and a red waistcoat in its early days.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Ellen's Decision.

(May Joanna Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It was a beautiful day in summer. Dense foliage hung upon the trees and cast a delightful shade. Daisies and buttercups bloomed in the fields; roses, lilies and pinks in the garden.

Ellen Monroe's Sunday-school teacher, Miss Yates, had invited her class to spend the hours between school and supper-time with her on that day of all days.

They had been looking forward to their gathering all the week as to an especial treat, and had been talking about it and planning for it morning, noon, and night. For that afternoon they were to start a flower mission.

They were to elect a president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary. Then they were to gather roses from the bushes which were scattered thickly over the extensive lawn, were to tie them into bunches, pack them in a basket, and carry them to the railway station. Thence the flowers were to be sent to a children's hospital in the city.

This would be a most delightful occupation, pleasant in itself and resulting in much happiness to the little sick children imprisoned in brick walls during the warm summer weather. In addition to this, the girls always loved to visit Miss Yates, who had so many delightful things to tell them, and invariably had a box of candy or something else that would gratify their appetite for dainties. Ellen skipped all the way home. She was far too ecstatic to walk steadily along.

'Mother, mother,' she called eagerly, not seeing her mother in the sitting-room. 'Where are you? I want to kiss you good-bye and then run.'

Mrs. Monroe appeared at the door of her own room, loking very sober. 'I am in a great dilemma,' she announced to her little daughter. 'Maria has gone out for the afternoon, so, of course, I have the care of the baby. And Mrs. Sumner's new girl has been here to say that she has been taken very ill and has no one to look after her. The maid is young and evidently incompetent, and she is frightened beside. She has been after Mrs.

Sumner's married daughter, but she has gone into town for the day. There seems to be no one but myself to meet the emergency, and I can't leave the baby.'

Ellen's heart seemed to jump up in her throat. She couldn't, oh! she couldn't, give up all her delightful plans for the afternoon ! Why did the nurse go out on that day when any other might have answered as well? And why did their neighbor have one of her bad turns at such an inconvenient time ? And why did her mother tell her about it ? Couldn't she have waited until after supper?

Ellen rushed into her own room, shut the door with a bang, threw herself on the bed, and cried and cried and cried. After a while the first shock of her disappointment was over, and she became quiet. Then there came into her mind a bible verse which she had read that very morning: 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'

Ellen was trying to follow Christ. She called him her Saviour, her Master. Must she not do the thing that he would have her do?

'But, then,' whispered the voice of temptation, 'isn't it a kind, a Christian thing to send flowers to the children in the hospital?'

'Yes,' said her conscience, 'but the other girls will do that without you and there is no one but you to relieve your mother. Mrs. Sumner may die if she is not properly attended to. Isn't it a clear case that it is your duty to stay at home?'

Ellen knelt by the side of her bed and prayed. Then she washed the tears from her eyes and went into her mother's room. 'Come, baby,' she said, 'will you stay with me this afternoon? See! I'll show you lovely pictures !' So saying, she picked up one of baby's toy books from the floor and displayed a page bristling with dogs and cats. Baby May ran to her at once, for Ellen was always kind to her tiny sister, and kindness is a thing that babies appreciate.

Mrs. Monroe threw her arms around her daughter's neck and gave her a very loving kiss. She knew how much that little speech to May had cost. 'You're a very good girl, Ellen. You shall not lose by your self-denial. I'll give you a treat some other day to make up for it.' Saying this she ran across the street to her sick neighbor's.

The hours seemed long to Ellen, those two hours that she had hoped to spend so pleasantly. It was a bit wearisome, too, to go through over and over again with baby the same diversions that she had used many times before. Once she saw the doctor's carriage at Mr. Sumner's. Then she saw him drive away hurriedly, and after awhile return, bringing with him a woman, whom Ellen recognized as a nurse. Then just at supper-time Mrs. Monroe returned.

'Mrs. Sumner is very ill, indeed,' she replied in answer to Ellen's look of inquiry. The doctor thinks that if I had not reached there just when I did she would have died. So my little girl's self-denial saved our neighbor's life. She is feeling somewhat better. Fortunately the doctor knew that Mrs. Plum was disengaged, and went after her. So now I am free.'

After supper came all the girls of Ellen's class to ask what had occasioned her absence from the meeting. Ellen explained to them with her mother's help. 'Well, anyway,' said Maggie Pritchard, who was Ellen's most devoted friend and admirer, 'anyway, we've made you president, and Miss Yates sent you all these candies, and this piece of cake and these roses. She said she knew there was some good reason for your staying at home.'

So Ellen went to bed that night happy in the thought that she had the affection of her teacher and classmates, and that she had tried to do her duty, even though it was a very hard thing to do.

I Know a Thing or Two.

'My dear boy,' said a father to his only son, 'you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society.'

'You needn't be afraid of me, father,' replied the boy, laughing; 'I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop.'

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury who had just brought in a verdict of crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said, among other things: 'My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on his home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me to my ruin.'

Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin ! — 'Morning Star.'

Kate Lee.

('Trained Motherhood.')

Just the tiniest girl, with the speck of a curl
On the daintiest forehead that ever could be;
Just the sunniest eyes, like the blue in the skies,
Has my wee little maiden, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Just a month and a day, from the first peep of May,
When the sweet summer blossoms were gay on the tree;
Just the time when the roses were proudest of posies,
'Twas then came my elfkin, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Just the winsomest 'coo' that the world ever knew
Comes forth from the canopied crib up to me:
Just the cunniest smile on the lips all the while,
Of my dear little fairy, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Just a baby so bright—she must needs be a sprite
From the land where they scatter all happiness free;
Just a bundle of love from the heavens above,
Is my wee little darling, my bonnie Kate Lee.

Beth McClannin Kerley.

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LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 9.

The Sin of Lying.

Acts v., 1-11. Study Acts iv., 33 v., 11 Read James III.

Golden Text.

'Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor.'—Ephesians iv., 25.

Daily Readings.

Monday, Feb. 3.—Acts iv., 32 v., 11.
Tuesday, Feb. 4.—Kings v., 20-27.
Wednesday, Feb. 5.—Jer. ix., 1-11.
Thursday, Feb. 6.—Psa. lii.
Friday, Feb. 7.—James iii., 1-10.
Saturday, Feb. 8.—Prov. xix., 1-9.
Sunday, Feb. 9.—Prov. xii., 13-22

Lesson Text.

(1) But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, (2) And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet (3) But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? (4) While it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. (5) And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things. (6) And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him. (7) And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. (8) And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she said, Yea, for so much. (9) Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? behold the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. (10) Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband. (11) And great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things.

Suggestions.

The early Christian Church was a company of great believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. They were so filled with the Holy Spirit, that their beautiful lives kept attracting others to their Saviour. Persecution only drew them nearer to God and made their light shine more brightly. It was some time before worldliness got into the Church, but when it appeared it was in a terrible form and spoke plainly of its origin. (John viii., 44). Worldliness is a many sided evil. It begins always in the inmost recesses of the heart. Long before it appears outwardly, it begins its secret work in the heart. The first little turning away of the heart from God, the first failure to listen to and obey his loving voice, is the first beginning of worldliness. The soul that lives always close to God in loving fellowship and obedience has no temptation to the gross forms of worldliness. Where there is no inner worldliness there is no outward worldliness, for by the heart the life is directed. The obedient disciple of Christ is too busy with the interests of the kingdom to have time to play with the world's toys. The obedient disciple has too much joy in the fellowship of his Master to want to exchange it for the frivolous pleasures of the world's company.

But the basis of Christian fellowship and of all dealings with God and man must be sincerity and truth. God can do nothing with an insincere man. God can do anything with a man that is sincere and honest in heart. All that God asks of us is to be sincere, if we are really honest in our desire to please him constantly, he can trust us anywhere. When the Lord God called Abraham to be the father of a chosen people, he said to him, 'I am the Almighty God: walk before me and be thou perfect,' and this word 'perfect' simply means upright or sincere. So God calls each one of us to walk before him and be sincere or honest with him in our hearts.

It seems a very simple requirement; yet here thousands of Christians have failed. They start out with the honest purpose to serve God, but very soon a temptation comes to them which seems very small and says to them 'pretend you think it would be quite right to do this, pretend you are not disobeying God.' So, after a while they yield to the temptation and try to deceive themselves into thinking they are doing about right. That is an awful moment in their lives, if they succeed in deceiving themselves, they succeed in hardening their heart against God. They turn aside from commission and fellowship with him because sin has come in like a black cloud between, and until that sin is removed there can be no further fellowship. If they will only acknowledge the sin before God and honestly turn away from it, God will gladly forgive and blot out the transgression, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin (I. John i., 5-10). But until that sin is acknowledged and honestly repented of, there can be no peace for the sinful soul. It loses the joy it once had in the Bible and in prayer. The Bible is a dull book to those who cherish sin and selfwill in their hearts, and God does not meet in prayer the soul which will not acknowledge its sin. There is no standing still in the Christian life, the soul is either marching on to victory with God, or, having turned aside through the deceitfulness of sin, is slipping down, down, down, to degradation and everlasting disgrace (Dan. xii., 2).

For these reasons the first appearance of insincerity in the church was severely punished by God. A good man, named Barnabas, had very nobly and generously sold his estate and brought the proceeds to the apostles to be used for the good of all the community of Christians, others also who had land and possessions sold them and gave the money to the apostles, but a man, named Ananias, and his wife, Sapphira, secretly planned to make themselves great in the eyes of the people at no great expense to their pockets, but at a great expense of moral character.

Perhaps when they first joined the Christian church, they were as sincere as any one, but when they saw how Barnabas was honored for his generosity, perhaps they allowed a little envy to enter their hearts, and that spirit of evil soon opened the door of their hearts to other evil spirits. They did wrong in the first place by harboring the first suggestion of sin, and no doubt God spoke directly to their hearts about it over and over, but they turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and proceeded with their plans to make themselves great in the sight of men.

They sold a piece of property and, carefully laying aside what they thought they would like to spend for themselves, Ananias took the rest of the money and with great ceremony laid it at the feet of the apostles as his all. He had chosen a time when a great many would be present to see his great generosity, and, no doubt, expected much praise from them. But no motive or thought can be hidden from God, and he by the Holy Spirit spoke through Peter. Ananias had wanted to deceive men, he had tried to deceive himself, but now God said that he was trying to deceive the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God in the disciples. He had refused to listen to God's voice of mercy, he now must obey God's voice of wrath. He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy (Prov. xxix., 1). Sapphira also shared his punishment.

Questions.

What was the sin of Ananias and Sapphira?

Why did God have to punish it so severely?

Can God do anything with a man who chooses to be insincere?

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 9.—Topic.—The pathway to peace.—John xiv., 25-31; Isa. xxvi., 3.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PEACE.

Mon., Feb. 3.—Peace with God.—Rom. v., 1-10.

Tues., Feb. 4—Peace with men.—Luke ii., 8-14.

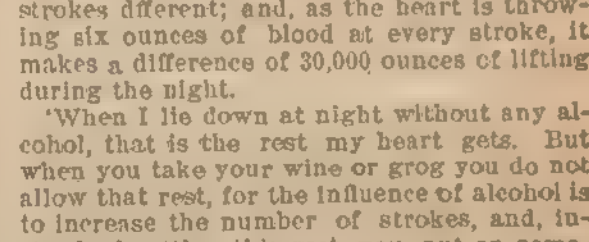
Wed., Feb. 5.—Peace with self.—Phil. iv., 4-9.

Thu., Feb. 6—Making peace.—Matt v., 1-9.

Fri., Feb. 7.—How peace comes.—Rom. xii., 16-21.

Sat., Feb. 8.—How peace goes.—Isa. xlviii., 16-22.

Sun., Feb. 9.—Topic.—The pathway to peace.—John xiv., 25-31; Isa. xxvi., 3.



Heart Beats.

(A plain talk with a plainer lesson, in 'League Journal.')

The late Dr. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson on one occasion told a meeting that he had been able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praise of the 'ruby bumper,' and saying he could not get through the day without it. Dr. Richardson said to him, 'Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?' He did so. I said, 'Count it carefully; what does it say?' 'Your pulse says seventy-four.' I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so and said, 'Your heart has gone down to seventy.' I then lay down on the lounge and said, 'Will you take it again?' He replied, 'Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!' I then said, 'When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours and, within a fraction, it is 5,000 strokes different; and, as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night.

'When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and, instead of getting this rest, you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise very unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the "ruby bumper," which, you say, is the soul of man below.'

An Interesting Case.

A medical man writes to 'The Medical Temperance Review' under the heading of 'an interesting case in medical practice' as follows:—

'An ounce of example is worth a pound of precept. Well, some time ago a short, but broad shouldererd, powerful, athletic, unmarried man of thirty-five came to consult me. He was quite sound in all respects, and of steady habits, but suffering much from severe indigestion. The only cause for his bad health I could find was beer. Not that he drank much; certainly not over two pints some days, other days none. After seeing this most intelligent man two or three times, I gently hinted he would be better without any beer. He was sceptical, but as the prescriptions I had written him did not cure him, he consented to try. He has just left me. He tells me he has not been so well for years; his digestion is now perfect; his thirst gone, and his strength remarkable. He takes cocoa sparingly. He perspires little, is not fatigued, and looks the picture of health.

'Such a case conveys volumes to my mind. Of course, it may be objected that the man is unusually powerful, exceptionally sensitive to beer, and afflicted with a very feeble

digestion. It may be so, but I doubt the truth of these objections.

'So I said to him that, as my little experiment had succeeded so well, he would do better to go on as he was now doing. "Yes," he replied, "and I certainly shall not again touch beer nor take any other alcoholic stimulant." I may add that, though he was only a sparing smoker, I had also advised him not to smoke.

'Were this the only case I had lately seen of the sort it would go for little, but as I have seen equally good results in perhaps, a thousand similar cases in the last fifteen years here, I feel that its value is extreme.'

Pat Flanagan's Trial.

'Stand up, prisoner, and hear the charge against you.' Pat stood up. The clerk read a long account of an assault and battery committed by the prisoner on Mr. Bung, the publican, within his own licensed premises. 'Now,' said the magistrate, 'Guilty or not guilty?' 'I'm not guilty, yer honor, of half the things in that paper, but I did have a row yesterday, I believe, for he gave me the worst drop of whiskey yer honor ever tasted.' 'But, Pat,' said the Bailie, 'you know I never taste whiskey myself.' 'Don't ye, now,' said Pat ,'then yer ought to, just to see how it acts. Yer honor grants licenses to sell drink, and how do you know what mischief yer doing if you never take any yersel? Ye have no idea how it acts on honest men. I only took a drop that would not have armed a baby, but in ten minutes I was crazy drunk and thought it was Donnybrook Fair I was in, and that's all I remember till I found myself in quod. You should try some yerself, yer honor, and just see how it acts on honest men, and maybe yer would not grant licenses to retail spirituous liquors.'

'But,' said the magistrate, a little confused at this way of defence, 'you are charged with assaulting the proprietor.' 'Well, yer honor, I only gave him back what was in his own whiskey. It was rough whiskey, and I suppose he got a rough handling. That is reasonable. Now, if you had not given him the license he could not have sold me that bad drink, and if I had not taken this drink I would never have harmed him, I would not have been arrested, and if I had not been arrested I would not have been here this mornin', yer honor.'

The magistrate considered, and said, 'Dismissed with an admonition,' but the public said it was the bench that got the admonition.—'League Journal.'

One Glass More.

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there's such a curse,
Which all that drink, shall feel;
Disease and death, for ever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of, 'Give me "one glass more."'

Go, view that prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan;
Gaze, gaze, upon those earthly hells,
And ask when they began.
Had they a tongue—O man, thy cheek
The tale would crimson o'er;
Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak,
And answer, 'one glass more.'

Behold that wretched female form,
An outcast from her home,
Bleach'd in affliction's blighting storm,
And doom'd in want to roam:
Behold her!—ask that prattler dear,
Why mother is so poor,
He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
'Twas father's 'one glass more.'

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return,
Reflect upon thy fate;
The pois'nous draught indignant spurn,
Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.
O fly the ale-house, horrid den!
Nor linger at the door;
Lest thou, perchance, should'st sip again
The treach'rous 'one glass more.'

—'League Journal.'

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00 .

Correspondence

Dear Children,

I hope you will all read the very interesting letter from Mrs. Cole, on the second page of this 'Messenger.' Do you not think that a very good suggestion of hers that you should try and make your next letter more interesting by recounting facts about your ancestors, when possible?

I have heard people say how much they like the Correspondence Column, but how they were tired of reading: 'I have three sisters and two brothers. I go to school and am in the third reader. For pets I have two dogs, etc., etc.'

Those who have no stories to tell about their ancestors might tell us what games they play with their companions, what kind of work they do about the house, what are their favorite studies at school and why they like them; what profession they would like to adopt when they are grown up; how far they have travelled from home; what story or poem they liked in the 'Messenger' or 'Witness,' and so on. Just think of the little children in far-away India, reading your letters and wondering what kind of lives you lead.

I want to thank you all for the many kind wishes you sent us for Christmas and the New Year. Your friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

L. P. would be glad if any reader could tell her in what number of the 'Northern Messenger' a piece appeared called 'The Chest With the Broken Lock'? Please send your answer to 'L. P.,' care of Correspondence Editor, 'Northern Messenger,' Montreal.

Pembroke, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Pembroke lately, so I will write. I wrote one two years ago. My brother Fred takes the 'Messenger,' and I always look to see if there are any letters from Pembroke first. I have read quite a number of books. Among them are: 'Under the Lilacs,' 'Agnes Selby,' 'The Flower of the Family,' 'Melbourn House,' 'Only Ten Cents,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Laura and Lucy or the Two Friends,' and 'Winter's Folly,' and 'Little Women,' and I am reading 'Good Wives' now, and I have read a number of Sunday-school books beside. My birthday is on Nov. 21, I was twelve years old then. I would like very much to have somebody of my age to write to me and I would answer her.

LETTIE A.

Address: Lettie Allen, Pembroke Shore, Yarmouth, N. S.

Crumlin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Crumlin, I thought I would write one. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for a number of years and I like to read the stories and Correspondence in it. Our Sunday-school is held in an English Mission hall and is carried on by Mrs. Eyre and Miss Clark. I am in Mrs. Eyre's class and like her very much. I live at Crumlin, which is five miles from London. Crumlin consists of one general store and post office, two blacksmith's shops, two hotels and there are eleven dwelling houses right around. I go to day school, it is about one eighth of a mile from our place. Our teacher's name is Mr. Morton. I am in the senior fourth book. I am twelve years old. I have four sisters and one brother. NELLIE S.

Mount Pleasant.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have three sisters and one brother. We have twenty-four head of cattle and two horses and a colt. I have a pet kitten. I go to school. I am in the fifth book. I have a colt, I call her Nell, and I have a cow and a calf. I call my cow Spot. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Sept. 29.

HUGH M. R (Aged 10.)

Adolphhustown, Young's Point.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before but thought I would write again. I am sending for the 'Messenger' again this year. I have three little pets, a Newfoundland dog, a cat and a little baby brother. I think he is the nicest pet of all. His name is Carlton. In the winter we harness him to the hand sleigh and he takes us for a ride. I read your letter in the 'Messenger,' and wish you would write oftener. I enclose a piece of poetry which I would like you to please print in the 'Messenger,' called 'He Careth.'

MAMIE CECIL. Y.

HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it aught to him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms
And strong glad music and happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;
When the lights die down from the path I take
When strength is feeble and friends forsake;
When love and music, that once did bless—
Have left to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to silent prayers
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadow hangs o'er the whole day long
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—Can it be—
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Douglas, M.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, nine years old, and I did not see any letters from Douglas, so I am going to write. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, especially the Correspondence and Little Folks' page. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Mr. Dareo. I go to our every day school. It is closed now for Christmas holidays. I have for pets a cow and two cats. I have five brothers and one sister. They are all older than myself. We live three miles from the town. MARY K. (Aged 9.)

Scotch Line, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My father is a cheesemaker. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I go to school and we have half a mile to walk. I have three brothers and one sister. I am in the third book. I got first prize. It is nice going to school. I have only one pet, it is a cat. My birthday is on Dec. 15. I was born in California. I go to the Presbyterian Church. I am nine years old. We have one bird. We had another but some other bird took its head off and we buried it in our garden. HAZEL I. W.

Scotch Line, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. I go to school every day and like it very much. I am in the second book and I got first prize. I have two brothers and no sisters. My birthday is on May 30. I go to the Methodist Church. I had a very happy day on Christmas. Santa Claus brought me a bracelet and a doll and a little penknife. My father has been a cheesemaker for twelve summers and has bought a farm, but cannot get possession of it for another year. I have been at my aunty's, in Brockville, for three weeks and missed school all that time.

LAURA R. W.

Goldboro, N. S.

Dear Editor,—As I am interested in your paper (the 'Northern Messenger'), and wish you every success with it, I write this letter for the children. We take the 'Messenger' at our Sabbath-school and like it very much. I have a class of nice little girls who help with the singing and their offerings. Our school is growing all the time. Both young and old attend and are interested in the work, and we hope for good results. Our pastor helps us very much. Our prayer is God will bless him for it. Mrs. Z. A. S.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Medicine Cabinet.

Every house should have a cabinet or a small cupboard, where a supply of simple remedies are kept ready for use. This need not be an expensive affair, for an empty box, fitted up by the man of the house, or the housekeeper herself will answer the purpose nicely. Get a box that is large enough and not too deep, and put in two or three shelves, then paint the outside with ebony enamel, or stain and varnish it. Finish the front with silkoline curtains, making the hems at the top and bottom wide enough for a brass rod, leaving a pretty heading. Put up two strong iron brackets, fasten the box on them, and you will have an article that is useful and quite presentable.

Almost every housewife has her favorite remedies which she wishes to keep on hand. There should be castor oil, paregoric, lobelia, mustard, borax, flaxseed, hops, syrup of rhubarb, iodine, arnica, a good cough medicine, liniment, etc. Every box, bottle and package should be examined once in six months, or oftener, to see that they are properly labeled, and that preparations that have lost their strength, or are worthless from any other cause, are thrown away. A roll of old flannel should be kept there, and will be found useful a great many times; soft cotton goods are often needed for tying up cut or bruised fingers; small sacks made of thin cloth are convenient for making poultices.

Borax is useful for so many things that no family should ever be without it. A tablespoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of hot water is an excellent preparation for bathing cuts, bruises or inflammations of any part of the body. It is also good for rough, jagged wounds, and many a case of blood poisoning or lockjaw might be prevented by using it liberally. Keep the affected parts wet with the solution an hour or two. Wash the stings and bites of insects with borax water, and it will arrest the swelling. It is cooling and sedative, and is therefore good for burns and scalds. Physicians have recognized the antiseptic properties of borax, and its use in hospitals for that purpose has become almost universal. Another point in its favor is that it is absolutely harmless. A pinch of borax used as a snuff is beneficial in cases of catarrh. Use every night for a week and a marked improvement will be manifest. It is also good when used in the same way for a cold in the head.

Arnica is used for bruises and to relieve the pain and prevent the swelling caused by a sprain, and for neuralgia or rheumatism. If you do not happen to have the arnica, the application of cloths wrung from hot vinegar or water often proves effectual. As fast as the cloths get cool, they should be replaced with fresh ones until the pain subsides, then cover with dry hot flannel to keep from taking cold.—'Christian World.'

A Good Sister.

The daughter of a famous French pasteur, M. Monroe, who is now a mother herself, began her life by being a good sister. She had an only brother, and he was a medical student. She realized a little of the temptations to which a medical student must be exposed, and she determined, in a simple, girlish way, that she would make her own womanhood the crystal shield to protect her brother from the snares to which he would be exposed. She, therefore, made it her business day by day to enter into all her brother's pursuits and to understand his interests. She was allowed a little private room in the house, and to this she used to ask him to come and talk over the events of the day. She even overcame the natural shyness of a girl, and she would get him to kneel down with her, and she would pour out her sweet, girlish heart in prayer that God would keep this beloved brother unspotted by the world. That brother has grown up, and is now himself a married man, and has his family about him, but he said once to his sister: 'You little know all that you were to me when I was a young man. My temptations were so maddening that I used sometimes to think that I must yield to them, and do as other young men did all around me, but then a vision of you would rise up before me, and I said to myself, 'No, if I do this thing I can never go and sit with her in her own little room; I can never look into her dear face again."' Oh, what a beautiful work of a sister in a home.—The Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton.

Do We Grow Old While Sleeping?

It is not while we work and worry over the affairs of life that we grow old. It is while we sleep, according to Flynn, the celebrated English physiologist.

Mr. Flynn leads up to this conclusion through his advocacy of the midnight dinner plan.

'No midday luncheon for brain workers,' said Mr. Flynn. 'It impairs the mental powers and interrupts the train of thought.'

Then Mr. Flynn proceeds to advocate a before-going-to-bed meal. 'It is necessary to repair the waste that goes on at night,' he said. 'The waste of a long night of fast is beyond calculation. The stomach should be well filled with nourishing food to counteract the loss. This is especially true of anemic persons.'

Mr. Flynn points out the fact that most persons look pale and fagged when they rise in the morning. 'I have heard dozens of friends say they look five years older on rising than retiring, and it is true. If you would not grow old while you sleep, be sure you are well nourished before retiring. The body ages faster from hunger than from time.'—New York 'Journal.'

Selected Recipes.

Giblet Balls.—Boil, chop and season the giblets, neck, etc., as for sauce, moisten with brown sauce and form into small balls, dip in melted butter, brown in the oven and garnish turkey with these, slices of lemon and parsley.

Timbales of Fish. — Mince and wash smooth one cupful of cold boiled white fish; make a white sauce of one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one rounding tablespoonful of flour, one half teaspoonful salt, dash of cayenne, six drops of onion juice and one cupful of milk; add the fish and stir constantly until it boils and is smooth; remove from fire, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and the slightly beaten yolks of three eggs and beat until cool; fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, fill buttered timbale molds two-thirds full of the mixture, set in a pan of boiling water, cover with oiled paper and bake fifteen minutes. Turn out and serve at once.

'Messenger' Mail Bag

Hespeler, Jan. 21, 1902.

Gentlemen,—I hereby acknowledge receiving the Fountain Pen, sent to my address. I promise to do what I can to spread the 'Weekly Witness.' It is, without doubt, one of the best family papers in the country. All our family read it. I am yours truly,

R. G. SCOTT.

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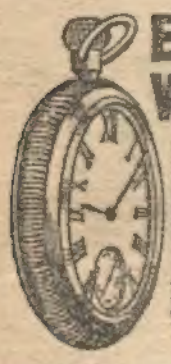

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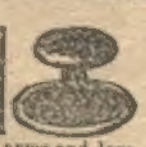

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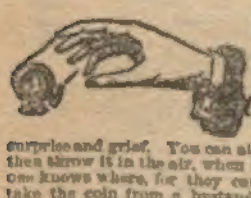

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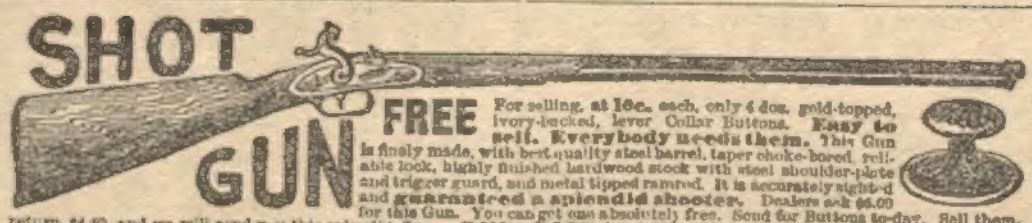

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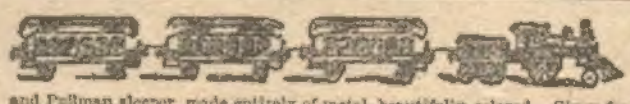

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Runs by clockwork. Consists of an up-to-date locomotive, a tender, flat car, box car, passenger coach and Pullman sleeper, made entirely of metal, beautifully colored. Given for selling only ¼ dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this complete train postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co., Box 412, Toronto.**

RIBBON REMNANT BARGAINS SPLENDID VALUES

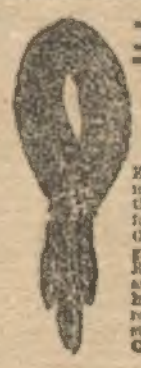
These Ribbons are all from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. You cannot buy such fine Ribbons as these at any store without paying many times what we ask. Our stock of Ribbons from which we make up these packages, consist of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles. All colors. No remnant less than one yard long. All first-class, useful goods. Carefully packed in boxes and sent, postpaid, at 25c. a box, or 3 boxes for 50c. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**

Face to Face with the Man in the Moon, Special 60 Day Offer to introduce this large powerful Achromatic Telescope
2¼ FT LONG
ONLY 99 CTS

Needed on Sea, Farm and Ranch. Made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe, measures 10½ inches when closed and nearly 2 ft. when open, is fitted with powerful lenses scientifically ground and adjusted, has brass bound tubes, and is provided at both ends with brass caps to exclude dust. It brings to view objects miles away with astonishing clearness. Telescopes of this size have formerly sold at from $5.00 to $10.00. **Our Special 60 Day Introductory Price, only, 99c. postpaid.** This is a great chance. Don't miss it, order to-day. **THE MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE GRAPHOPHONE

Given for selling at 10c. each, only 3 doz. Rosette Stick Pins consisting of a beautifully colored flower set with a brilliant flashing imitation **Diamond. They sell like hot cakes.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five Selections as follows; Speech; "Song of sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc.; and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write for pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send this splendid Graphophone and Outfit, with complete instructions. **The Enterprise Co., Box 410, Toronto, Ont.**

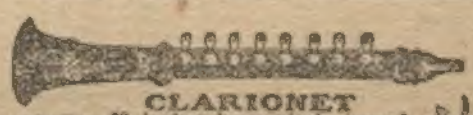


FUR RUFF FREE

Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 29 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real pretty head and tail, for selling at 15c. each, only 16 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome imitation Rubies, Emeralds, Turquoise, etc. Our agents are delighted with them. **They sell like hot cakes.** Write for Pins, sell them, return the money and receive this warm stylish Ruff postpaid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 404, TORONTO, ONT.**

DYING CHINAMAN

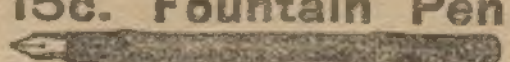
Over one foot high, dressed in pink and green, with yellow top hat. His head is made of rubber and when blown-up gently and swells, gives him the "Big Head" you read so much about. As you release him he smiles all over his fat face as though his cheeks were full of rice, then when you stand him on the floor he begins to sing a real Chinese chant but as his wind gets short he begins to totter, then with a weird shriek over he goes and falls with a final, long drawn squall and pinched-up, agonized face. This is the greatest comic wonder of the 20th century. Get one and amuse yourself and your friends. Price, only 15c. postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.**



CLARIONET

FREE 18 inches long, nicely turned from selected wood, beautifully finished, with 8 nickel keys, given for selling only 15 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send this Sweet-toned Clarionet, with complete Instructor and a large collection of popular pieces postpaid. Rose Perfume Co., Box 408, Toronto.

15c. Fountain Pen



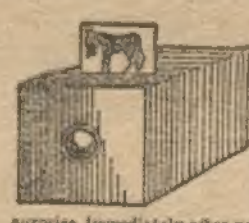
Pen, Penholder and Inkstand all in one. Nicely finished black Japanned holder and cap. Nevada gold nib, and improved vulcanised rubber non-corrosive feed. Writes 5,000 words with one filling. Can be carried in the pocket safely, and will not leak. Is always with you, always ready, and writes continuously for hours when needed. If you want the biggest bargain you ever saw, send for one at once. Agents sell them fast at 25c each. Our price only 15c each or $1.50 doz., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto, Ont.**

ELECTRIC BUTTON

Exact imitation of Electric Push Bell, made of highly polished maple with button of black walnut. Fastens over vest pocket, and gives the curious stranger a decided shock when he touches the concealed needle. Greatest fun-maker out. Mailed, 30c. or 3 for 75c. Postpaid stamps. Johnston & Co., Box 401, Toronto

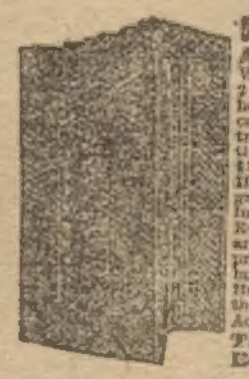
FREE SILK RIBBONS

All from one to three yards in length, many of them of the very finest quality, in a variety of fashionable colors and different widths, consisting of Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman, and various other plain and fancy styles, suitable for Neckwear, trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. Given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send you a large box of beautiful Ribbons, all colors and widths, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 409 TORONTO**



JOKER'S CAMERA

Nicely finished in fine imitation morocco leather. Takes a picture 2 x 2 inches. You press the button and the camera does the rest. Bushels of fun. Everybody you meet will want their picture taken. Get them to pose for you in some nice position and tell them to look "pleasant" or at the "birdies," and to their surprise, immediately after you press the button their picture will appear, nicely mounted and finished. You can make as many as they want, but one is all they will wish, and that will make them almost die laughing. Everything works perfectly. You can have no end of fun with the Joker Camera. Get one and put the whole neighborhood into convulsions of laughter. Price, only 25c., or 2 for 35c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.**



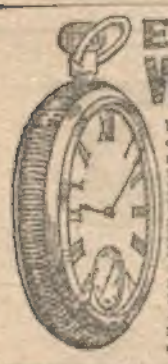
FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case, with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations given for selling at 15c. each only 19 fashionable Hat Pins with beautifully engraved tops, set with handsome imitation Rubies, Amethysts, Emeralds, etc. These Hat Pins are sold regularly for 25c. At our price, only 15c., every lady will buy one or more. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money and we send your Accordeon all charges paid. **THE JEWELRY CO., BOX 405, TORONTO.**

GROWING ROOSTER

With bright red comb, white body, four red, white and blue tail feathers, and metal legs and feet. Blow him up, stand him on his feet and he immediately starts to crow furiously, gradually growing smaller and smaller, and at last with a long-drawn squeak he tumbles down in a heap and dies. The funniest thing out. Price, only 15c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co.,** Box , Toronto.

Advertisements.

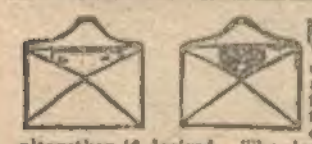


EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 15c. each only 16 fashionable Silver and Gold Hat Pins, with beautifully engraved tops set with large handsome rubies, amethysts, emeralds, etc. **They are something entirely new.** Every lady will buy one. Write for Hat Pins. Sell them, return the money, and we send, postpaid, this handsome polished nickel Watch, with ornamented edge, hour, minute and second hands, and genuine American movement. It is accurate and reliable, and with care will last 10 years. **Jewelry Co.**, Box 403, **Toronto.**

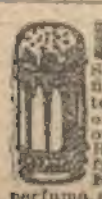
FREE DOLL

With movable head, arms and legs, nearly 2 feet high, with rosy cheeks, red lips, blue eyes and curly golden hair, fashionably dressed in silks and satins, beautifully trimmed with laces, velvets, etc. She has also slippers, stockings and underwear. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **2** doz. **Jewel Top Lead Pencils,** full length, finest quality, beautifully colored, the tops set with splendid imitation Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, etc. **Just out. They go like wildfire.** Write for pencils. Sell them, return $2.40 and receive this lovely doll, postpaid. **Home Specialty Co.**, Box 3[illegible], Toronto.



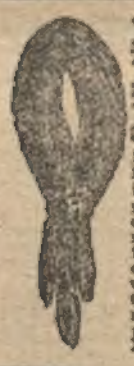
MAGIC ENVELOPE

With this wonderful envelope you can make any card, coin or picture change into anything else you wish, or cause them to vanish altogether if desired. The cleverest sleight of hand trick ever seen. People have paid as much as $50.00 for the secret. Price, only 10c., postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.**



FREE SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS

Solid Silver Nickel, beautiful satin finish, elegantly engraved, guaranteed for 25 years, given for selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for perfume, sell it, return the money, and we will send this magnificent pair of casters, postpaid. **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., BOX 416, TORONTO.**



FUR RUFF FREE

Earn this handsome Fur Ruff, 29 inches long, made of selected skins, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real pretty head and tail, by selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. Collar Buttons with rolled Gold lever tops and nicely finished ivory backs. **They are something everybody needs and therefore very easy to sell.** Write for Buttons, sell them, return the money and receive this warm, stylish Ruff, postpaid. **THE GOLDALOID CO., BOX 404, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

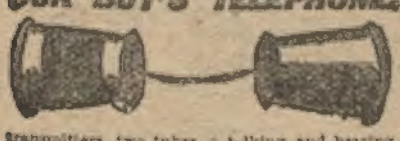
FIGHTING ROOSTERS

With real feathers, yellow legs and fiery red combs. They fight in a perfectly life-like manner, the secret of their movements being known only to the operator, who can cause them to fight as often and as long as he likes. Don't miss the fun. Price, per pair, 15c. postpaid. **NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

COMPASS WHISTLE

True Compass and Powerful Whistle combined. A heavy crystal protects the magnetic needle, which points true North and South. With its aid anyone can find his way through the densest forest, on the vastest prairie, or far at sea. The Whistle is deafening and can be heard at an immense distance. Useful and valuable. Price, only 15c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.**

OUR BOY'S TELEPHONE.



Up-to-date—The greatest wonder of the 20th century. A perfect telephon ,made of metal with strong sensitive transmitters, two tubes, a talking and hearing tube or cup, and an ample supply of scientific cord. With this instrument persons in different parts of the house or at long distances from one another can hear distinctly the lowest tones and softest whispers. Send for one and be up-to-date and ahead of all your neighbors. Price, only 15c. postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

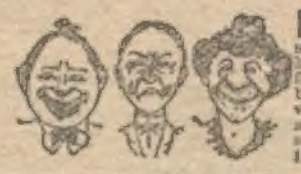
FREE LADY'S WATCH

with beautiful solid silver nickel case, stem wind and set, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and reliable imported movement, given for selling only 3 dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this pretty and accurate Watch, postpaid. **The ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 407, Toronto.**

Advertisements.

SILK REMNANTS

By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Silk Remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillows and many other beautiful and ornamental articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measured in square inches. Beats any package ever offered. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, 15c. silver. Two for 25c. **MAIL ORDER SUPPLY CO., Box 401 Toronto.**



1000 COMIC FACES 15c.

The greatest fun producer of the day. Our new and wonderful transformation stamps enable you to make a thousand funny and grotesque faces, all as different as those here shown. With this combination of 12 rubber stamps you can instantly produce any face imaginable with down-turned mouth, upturned nose, and a side-long glance, or with a broad laughing mouth, and eyes and drooping nose. The prudish maiden can be made to wear a broad smile or ghastly grin and so on with hundreds of other startling combinations, all so funny that you will laugh till your sides ache. The twelve stamps are mounted separately and come in a compartment box with a covered self-inking pad for only 15c. postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 40, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful clear sweet tone, given for selling only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c. each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money and we will send your Cornet with complete instructor and a large collection of popular pieces, postpaid. Our Agents are delighted with it. **The Rose Perfume Co. Box 411 Toronto.**

BARGAINS IN LACE REMNANTS.

Here is a chance to get valuable, rich and elegant Lace for almost nothing. Having bought a big lot of laces at about a sixth of their real value, we are able to offer some most astonishing bargains. We put up large assorted packages, including some of the finest White Laces, Linen Torchon Laces in exquisite patterns, Spanish and Languedoc Cream Laces, Black Chantilly Laces, Guipure, Valenciennes, Oriental and American Laces, Swiss Embroidery Trimmings, etc., etc. Just the thing for trimming underwear, dresses, aprons, pillow-shams, tidies, etc. We send these Laces in various lengths from two yards up to four and five yards. Do not fail to take advantage of this grand chance to secure big bargains in fine Laces. Price per package, 25c; or 3 packages for 20c., postpaid. Mail Order Supply Co., Box 401 Toronto, Ont.

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS.

A perfect railway train with engine, tender and three Pullman passenger cars. The coaches are painted blue, green and brown, the engine and tender black, making a thoroughly up-to-date express train. Price, only 15c., postpaid. **The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto**

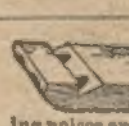
DYING PIG

Direct from Paris. The greatest wonder out. More fun with this little porker than you can shake a stick at. Blow him up, stand him on his feet, and after singing awhile he starts squealing, then collapses, and finally dies with a last faint grunt. Poor piggy's tragic ending is so funny that you nearly burst your sides laughing. Made of a thin rubber substance, can be carried in the pocket. Every time you blow him up his performance is as funny as a box of monkeys. Price, only 15c. postpaid **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401 TORONTO.**

BAGPIPES, DANCE THE HIGHLAND FLING

Real Scotch Bagpipes cost a lot of money, but here is an instrument for a few cents that produces a laughable imitation of the famous Scotch music. It consists of a highly decorated, six key horn, a rubber air bag and a wooden mouthpiece. With one of these instruments in your possession you can create a sensation. It is one of the greatest fun-makers out. Sent by mail, postpaid for 15c. silver, or 2 for 25c.

JOHNSTON & CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.



DEVILENE

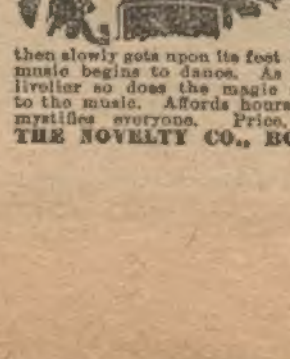
A shrill, ear-piercing, nerve-shattering whistle that will wake up the whole neighborhood. Just the thing for sportsmen in the woods. By mail 10c. or 3 for 25c. Johnston & Co., Box 401, Toronto, Can.

POLICE WHISTLE.

Double-toned; capable of producing the most discordant, penetrating and brain-racking noises ever imagined. It is because its tones carry farther than any other whistle that it is such a favorite with the police. Just the thing for hunters and cyclists. Cannot get out of order. Price, 10c. postpaid. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 401, TORONTO.**

McGinty Watch and Chain

A most laughable novelty. The latest thing out. Looks like a handsomely engraved silver hunting-case watch with a beautiful chain and bar, but when you press the spring the case flies open, and to the surprise of all beholders up pops McGinty with a grin on his Irish face, that causes roars of laughter. Don't be without one. Price, 10c. postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401, Toronto.



DANCING SKELETON

14 inches high, with movable arms and legs. After allowing the spectators to examine it to prove there is no hidden mechanism you lay it on the table and ask someone to whistle a tune, when to the astonishment of everybody, the skeleton raises its head, and peers about cautiously, and seeming to hear the music begins to dance. As the whistling becomes livelier so does the magic skeleton keeping time to the music. Affords hours of fun and completely mystifies everyone. Price, with directions, 10c. **THE NOVELTY CO., BOX 61 TORONTO.**

FREE LADY'S WORK BOX

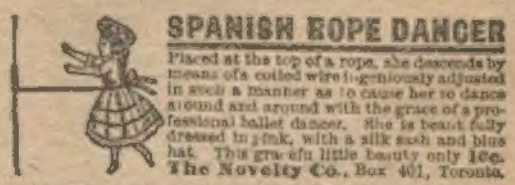
Made of highly polished hard wood, handsomely decorated with flowers and leaves, butterflies and scroll work, all in beautiful colors, with satin pincushion, bodkin, needle case embroidery scissors and splendid mirror. Given for selling only 1½ dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years. Nothing sells like it.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this beautiful Work Box. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 14, TORONTO.**

FREE Wonderful Flying Machine

Runs by clockwork. The man seated in the car operates the machinery, causing a pair of big wings to revolve at a terrific rate, driving the parachute swiftly through the air. One winding will keep the Airship flying until you think it is never going to stop. **Given for selling** only 15 large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years.** Write for Perfume, sell it, return the money, and receive this Wonderful Flying Machine, postpaid. **ROSE PERFUME CO., Box 413, Toronto**

FREE 3 Beautiful Opals

that glisten with all the gorgeous colors of the Rainbow, set in a beautifully engraved gold Ring given for selling only 10 beautiful Bouquet Stick Pins at 10c. each. **Nothing sells like them.** Write for Pins. Sell them, return $1.00 and we send this handsome Opal Ring in a velvet box, postpaid. **Pin Co., Box 401 Toronto.**



SPANISH ROPE DANCER

Placed at the top of a rope, she descends by means of a coiled wire ingeniously adjusted in such a manner as to cause her to dance around and around with the grace of a professional ballet dancer. She is beautifully dressed in pink, with a silk sash and blue hat. This graceful little beauty only **10c.** **The Novelty Co.**, Box 401, Toronto.

TOY GRAPHOPHONE.

American Model, made entirely of metal, with silver colored record, 6-inch brass horn, and regulating fan. Runs by clockwork and plays a pretty music box selection. **Given for selling** only 1½ dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume at 10c each. **Its fragrance lasts for years.** Write for Perfume. Sell it, return the money, and we will send this Graphophone, postpaid. **The Rose Perfume Co. Box 413, Toronto.**